THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XII. NO. 39. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.—TWELFTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRISH CHARACTER ACTORS.

Stars of the Past and Present, From Tyrone Power to Boucicault.

Good and Bad Portrayals—Giants of Old —Pigmies of the Present.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

Tyrone Power, Drew, Collins, Hudson, Brougham and Boucicault—what visions of artistic representations and enjoyable characters their names call up from the departed past, when the bright halo of romance crowned the genius of Celtic humor and wit. What an inimitable art was theirs, which not only shed a lustre o'er the stage during their own day, but comes down to us through almost a century of time unchanged and apparently unchangeable. The creation of those brilliant minds not only wielded an influence on the drama contemporaneous with themselves, but form the moulds wherein the Irish playwright of today must cast his work; and many indeed of our most successful modern writers owe much of that which is purest and best in their works to the study and example of these illustrious players.

Since the work of these men has been so important a factor in shaping the dramatic thought of the modern writer; since they have, and bid fair to have in the future, so powerful an influence on Irish melodrama and comedy—it may be well to consider them somewhat closely; to endeavor to comprehend their aims and methods, and to find, if possible, the secret of that subtle and enduring charm which they have infused into Irish drama, making it one of the most popular forms of theatrical entertainment which can be placed before the public.

THE REALISTIC SCHOOL.

There is little doubt that the schools of the drama in which poetic and ideal characters predominate are the great naturalistic schools as well. As to the cause there have been many and various speculations. Boucicault maintained that the creation of grand and ideal characters required the utmost fidelity to nature, and any deviation from natural fact would serve to ruin the symmetry and beauty of the whole. This theory, however, seems untenable. Would it not be safer to say that beauty, symmetry and ideal traits in a character permit fidelity to nature? In the highly sensitive artistic temperament there is a natural shrinking from the cold bare facts in art. The absolute truth of people and things as they are, without a tinge of romance to enlighten the shadows—"Danny Man" without all that absorbing love for his foster brother, and even "Othello" without his impetuous daring and impulsive, generous heart—would be intolerable to us and repellant. The masterly art of the great dramatist draws the veil over nature and wraps her in the mystic mantle of idealism; charms us with a vague mysterious atmosphere surrounding the character apparently so familiar to us, and entices our imagination into impenetrable shadows, where virtues, like desert flowers, bloom unseen.

Too many of the schools strip nature of her veil and idealism. With them the commmonplace is right. Every character is made extreme in its cast. In the character of the evil-disposed there is scarcely a redeeming trait interwoven among the baser ones. Can this be nature? No! most decidedly not. No matter how low the grade of humanity they may spring from; no matter how deep in depravity they have sunk, there are few people who have no redeeming traits of some description. Why, then, should all who walk on the shady side of life be pictured as utterly depraved?

Few people are without defects in character, yet because they have fallen short of ideal beauty, why should we not pause to consider them and, by so doing, miss a rough grandeur and homely beauty which the same may possess? The analysis and treatment of character was really the foundation of the success of these great artists. The inner traits of character were never lost sight of, and the Irish character, with its mass of apparent contradictions, was known to them as it is to none of our modern writers.

POWER AND DREW.

Samuel Lover knew it well, and when he gave to Tyrone Power such characters as "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy" and the "Happy Man," he gave to the stage an Irish peasant which it has never been able to cast aside. There can be no doubt, however, that Tyrone Power, with his dashing, rollicking way, was Lover's model in the outlines of the character. The actor's strong personality was wedded to the humor of the playwright and the characterization moulded around him; thus giving us the type of Irish peasant with which we have become so familiar, and which has since become so popular. The peculiar lines on which the character is formed contain all the essential qualities requisite to success. There is an exuberance of spirits and a frank, manly way which at once wins the sympathy and confidence of the audience; a lightness and merry humor all its own, and a reckless dash which calls forth one's admiration.

In the perfect analysis of this type of character such men as Power and Drew were inimitable. The latter had a wonderful degree of pathos which lent an indescribable charm to many of his roles, while his humor and wit were fully equal to Power's. The personality of Drew was in no small measure responsible for his success. He was one of the handsomest men on the stage at that period. As an actor, he ranked among the most able men of his time. Trained in all the arts, which were then supposed to be requisite to perfect acting; gifted with a superb voice and being a clever dancer, is it any wonder that he could make a character interesting, to which he had devoted considerable study?

The delineation of Irish character meant more at that time than it does today. In many of the roles, not only comedy of a high class had to be placed before the audience in a presentable manner; given, too, with all the courtly bearing of the old schcol—but the broad dramatic powers of the actor were also called into play.

COLLINS AND HUDSON.

The neat Irish characters had able exponents in John Collins and James Hudson. The latter was compared by the press to Drew, and made hosts of admirers by his excellent work. His success on his first appearance was instantaneous and remarkable. His style of work and that of Collins, who followed him, were very similar; both played the same line of characters and in about the same manner. As "Connor the Rash," in the "Knight of Arva," and "Captain Murphy Maguire" in the "Silent Family," Hudson probably never had an equal. There was a breadth to his work, and withal a peculiar airiness unequaled by any of the Irish comedians who preceded him. His voice was a high, rich baritone, of great compass and well trained, and his singing of sentimental songs added not a little bit to his success. He remained in America only twelve months, but his tour was a constant reiteration of his opening success.

Collins, noting the success of Hudson, followed in his footsteps and became famous. He was a thorough master of the many peculiarities of Irish character, and being well skilled in stagecraft, gave performances of Irish drama which were distinguished for their neatness and refinement. He lacked the versatility of Hudson, but, nevertheless, there was an irresistible charm about his work which nearly half a century of time has not effaced from the minds of his many admirers who are still living.

The performances of Barney Williams and "Billy" Florence did not rank with either Hudson or Collins. Neither could have achieved success had it not been for the very clever acting of their wives. Both were hard and unsympathetic in their methods. Williams was a clever dancer and a fair singer, but extremely vulgar in his acting and selection of plays, the performances of which were more than once stopped by indignant Irishmen.

RARE JOHN BROUGHAM.

The grandest character among all the brilliant men who have adorned the Celtic drama, was the genial John Brougham. An able and brilliant journalist, a prime favorite as an actor and the wittiest of playwrights, he enjoyed an unbounded popularity for years. In his early days, his acting was pervaded by an inexhaustible flow of spirits which invested the most prosaic parts with a matchless charm. To this exuberant vitality add a rich endowment of mother wit, a bright intelligence, a keen sympathy and appreciation and rare personal magnetism, and you have before you "Glorious John." Glorious John Brougham, whose hearty voice it was always a pleasure to hear, and whose face beaming over with good humor, was always hailed with delight!

Brougham's Hibernian delineations were perfect and to the manor born. Filled with the traditions of the stage and schooled under the rigid discipline of the old stock system, Brougham was a thorough master of his art. He loved his art and never prostituted it to catch the applause of the masses. In giving his audience a portrait of an Irish character he needed no exaggeration to make it interesting. His art was all sufficient. With him idealism was everything and in making a character an ideal one he never departed from nature. Whether he impersonated the peer or peasant, his portrayal was thoroughly and distinctively Irish and possessed all the peculiar characteristics of the Celt. What a revelation his "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" would be to the theatre-goers of the present day! With all his subtle art, he gave that character (the most delightful personage in Sheridan's masterpiece), as its author intended it. Not the upstart clodhopper of Florence and James, with the odor of the stable and the dialect of the bogs clinging to him, but the suave, polished aristocrat, erratic but courtly, ready to act as second—aye, or principal—in a duel, should occasion demand it, and an authority on the code. He pictured "Sir Lucius" as the Irish gentleman of the old school really was; a man among men, the soul of honor and an ornament to any circle of society.

The influence of Brougham on the dramatic works of Boucicault can readily be seen from a comparison of their plays. The spirit of the work is identical and many of the characters very similar.

INIMITABLE BOUCICAULT.

As an actor, Boucicault never was the equal of Brougham. He had neither the unction nor the spontaneous wit of the latter. He was thoroughly aware of his faults and in creating a role for himself he depended on the dramatic situations of the play and the lines, scintillating with gems of wit, which he placed in the mouth of the character he assumed. As an analyst of the Irish character, Boucicault was superb. There was hardly a single idiomatic peculiarity of speech, a characteristic gesture or a humorous saying of the Irish peasantry which he was not master of. His wonderful familiarity with these details made all of his roles simply delightful. The rollicking, devil-may-care spirit and exquisite sentiment he infused into "Shaun the Post" and "Conn the Shaughran" made these vagabond characters irresistibly fascinating. His "Kerry," with its pathos, its humor and its loyal affection was at once the daintiest, the most delicate and most artisric piece of character acting the world has ever seen in Irish drama. It was Boucicault's favorite role. To play it before a refined audience where it would receive full appreciation, was his greatest delight. He would often say of it: "I play 'Conn' for the people; 'Kerry' for myself."

STARS OF THE PRESENT.

Of all the Irish comedians at present before the public, Joseph Murphy has been the most successful. He does not rank as a great actor, nor even as a very good one. [THE CITIZEN begs leave to differ from Mr. Murphy on the latter point.] His plays were written to suit his personal peculiarities and talents for amusing, and they have made him rich.

To the unfortunate Scanlan belongs the credit of combining the peasant of Brougham and Boucicault with the "Fritz" of J. K. Emmett and bringing out a character which has since displaced all others. Scanlan possessed a happy, boyish way and was exceedingly vivacious. He was a neat dancer and the singing of his own compositions made them immensely popular. All of his plays were characterized by their neatness and their lack of vulgarity and caricature. "Mavourneen," the last play in which he appeared, was without doubt the grandest of all Irish scenic productions and in point of acting, dramatic construction and costuming might well be considered a model performance.

A COMING MAGNET.

As "Terence Dwyer," the leading role in "Mavourneen," Scanlan has been succeeded by Chauncey Olcott, an Irish-American singer of considerable reputation and ability. While not possessing the rollicking indifference and the exuberance of spirits of Scanlan, in appearance, intelligence and familiarity with the stage, Olcott is fully his equal, and as a singer is immeasurably his superior. Scanlan's singing lacked culture; Olcott is an artist. His voice, one of the sweetest and purest of high tenors, combined with exquisite taste, make his rendition of Irish ballads simply faultless. Since the days of Hudson and Collins, there has been no actor as well fitted to impersonate the neat Irish character as Olcott.

GOOD PLAYER IN A POOR PLAY.

The performance of J. K. Murray in "Glen-da-Lough" could not be criticized with any justice to the player. A poorer specimen of an Irish drama could hardly be found than the play selected for his debut. It had scarcely a vestige of a story, was utterly devoid of any literary merit and the only semblance to dramatic action which could be found in it was in some of the final climaxes of the acts. In fact, the only excuse which could be found for its presentation seemed to be the display of some really handsome scenery. With a good play, a clever company and better management, Murray may yet make a good showing as an Irish star. It is doubtful, however, that he will ever rival Olcott, as he has neither the lightness, the graceful appearance nor the voice of the latter.

VERNER, JOHNSON, MACK.

Charles Erin Verner is a clever though rather an erratic comedian. His performances in some of the Boucicault plays and the old farces, during the first couple of years of his career in this country, gave great promise of future success, which, however, was never realized.

Carroll Johnson, who has been starring for some years in a play entitled "The Gossoon," and latterly in the "Irish Statesman," is very neat in his work, and, while not possessing the requisite training to make a great actor, his methods are very pleasing. He is never vulgar.

The sweet voice of Andrew Mack, the star of "Irish Loyalty," has won considerable reputation for him. He is a beginner who has a bright future before him, and with his appearance, singing and natural acting, ought to make a name.

IN OTHER FIELDS.

Many of the men who made reputations as Irish comedians in the old stock days have since retired from this field and sought honors elsewhere. Among the number are Walter Montgomery, the original "Major O'Hara" in Wallack's production of "Led Astray;" Charles Stevenson, John Ward, Joseph Wilkes, Fred Williams, George C. Boniface and Frank Drew. In fact, the school of Irish drama which began with Tyrone Power, really ended with the retirement of Boucicault. The Scanlan type of comedian has also run its course and it now remains for some clever actor, like Olcott, with his graceful methods and beautiful voice, to institute a new field, in which Irish romance and chivalry, interwoven with salient Irish wit, shall play a prominent part. Let it be a field wherein the noxious weeds of prejudice and caricature cannot take root and where the flowers of Irish rhetoric, be they wild or cultivated, shall blossom out to adorn and beautify it.

PAST AND PRESENT.

The names of the grand old stage kings who have passed away into the valley of silence are a fitting monument to that glorious epoch in the history of the Irish drama which we followed to the grave. Their fame casts a refulgence around and wraps in glory a branch of the drama, which, but for their magic art, had been degraded into the most hideous and disgraceful burlesque. A distinct class of dramatic literature was created and immortalized by their mighty efforts; and while the traditions of the classic drama survive, those of the Irish drama will stand beside it. What a fitting end for that golden age was the blaze of Boucicault's genius! In Tyrone Power it had its dawn; Boucicault was its sunset.

THE Orangemen of the North are politically dumb just now. The house of peers hath spoken.

THE POET PRIEST.

Review of the Poetry of the Late Father Abram J. Ryan, the Poet Laureate of the Defunct Confederacy.

His "Conquered Banner" Contrasted With Moore's "Night Closed Around the Conqueror's Way."

[*Irish Weekly Independent.*]

We have before us an address delivered at University College, Blackrock, by Prof. Thomas Kennedy, B.A. It is on Father A. J. Ryan, the Irish-American poet-priest of the Southern states. We may remark, by way of prelude, that the only leading Catholic college which has a debating society which discusses questions of the day worthy of being reported in the press is, as far as we can judge by previously published reports, University College, Blackrock. And we may also remark that this is not the first occasion on which Blackrock has done something for Irish literature. The brochure before us is interesting on this account, that it is an important effort to popularize in Ireland the writings of the most brilliant poet which our race has given to America. No portion of the Irish race is more manfully doing its duty in the present efforts for a renaissance of purely Irish literature than the Irish in America. What more grateful return can be made by Ireland than to popularize and appreciate here the literary successes of our Irish-American friends? For Celtic American literature, like the Irish-American race, has kept itself apart and distinct from the influences which surround and would dominate it. Our literature, like our race, in the United States is an *imperium in imperio*. Father Ryan's writings possess in a very eminent degree the leading characteristics of Celtic literature. It has been remarked of Campbell, the author of "The Soldier's Dream," and "The Exile of Erin," that he was by birth and education a lowland Scotchman, by race a Highlander, but the latter fact dominated his life, and gave its peculiar tone to his poetry. A similar thing may be said of Father Ryan. By birth and education an American, by race an Irishman. Nevertheless, it is the martial ardor, the kindly, sympathetic love of home and kindred, the beauty of thought of the Irishman, which he everywhere displays in his verse. The principal facts of his life are given in Mr. Kennedy's address, and there is also a consideration of some of the excellencies of his poetry. In order to illistrate Father Ryan's martial songs, we clip the following from Mr. Kennedy's pamphlet:

For four years the war continued, and though the most brilliant of the earlier successes were achieved by the South, yet the ultimate victory finally rested with the North—the at first bold and afterwards desperate, struggle for distinct nationhood was in vain. That Father Ryan wrote many soul-inspiring songs for the soldiers of his race during the war is well known, but when he came to publish his poems he preferred that those songs of evanescent hope and incomplete triumph should die with the cause which they were written to cheer to victory, so that in his collected works he has only preserved the lamentations of defeat. At the outbreak of the war the South adopted a banner somewhat different from the Stars and Stripes, which, after some slight changes, assumed this final form—a blue, right-hand, upper-corner square, with a crimson St. Andrew's Cross, in which there were thirteen stars, also forming a St. Andrew's Cross, the remainder of the flag being white. Over this standard of a beaten cause Father Ryan chanted his poetic requiem entitled "The Conquered Banner":

Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary,
Furl it, furl it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which hero's gave it.
And its foes now scorn and brave it—
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
O'er whom it floated high;
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! Furl it sadly.
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should for ever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword should never
Hearts like their's entwined, dissever,
Till that flag should float for ever,
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it, for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead, are lying low.
And that Banner it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe.
For, though conquered, they adore it,
Love the cold dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it,
But, oh! wildly they deplore it
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed round with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust;
For it's fame on brightest pages
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly,
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not, unfold it never,
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

The immense calamities of the Celtic race have tinged most of their writings with sorrow and melancholy. Perhaps one of the most mournful of our national songs at all similar to "The Conquered Banner" is Moore's "Night After the Battle":

Night closed around the conqueror's way,
And lightning showed the distant hill
Where those who lost that dreadful day
Stood few and faint, but fearless still.

But Moore does not despair because the soldier's hope and patriot's zeal are forever dimmed; he renews his faith in the midst of disaster, and sings:

There is a world where souls are free,
Where tyrants tempt not nature's bliss,

and so his poem is a perfect exposition of Celtic sentiment, inasmuch as there is a gleam of hope amid the darkness of despair. On the other hand, in no modern poem is the sentiment of Ossian, that "They went forth to the wars and always fell" more truly expressed than in "The Conquered Banner." It is the saddest poetic acknowledgment of defeat we know of, though he speaks bravely of the valiant but shattered hosts that did so much to uphold the honor of the flag. Yet one remarkable Celtic sentiment is absent—the one redeeming sentiment in the above quoted poem of Moore's—absence which may be easily accounted for in "The Conquered Banner." All hope is utterly extinguished; the last lines of the poem only utter irrevocable and irredeemable defeat. When not even seven hundred years of direst calamity and adverse destiny could destroy the hope of the Irish Celt in his own "Conquered Banner," how is it that after four years the American Celt had no hope? The Irish Celt, from almost exclusive Celtic associations, breathes the unconquerable spirit of the Celt. The American but expressed that acquiescence in ultimate defeat which distinquishes the non-Celtic people among whom he had been placed, for in this—and in this only—he uttered their sentiments, so different from what would have been his own. The last words of the poem are:

Touch it not, unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

At a time when even Americans themselves are commencing to feel that the great pillar on which society rests is the home, and are regretting that such disastrous inroads have been made on its sanctity by divorce and other like laws, and when the more thoughtful of the magazines teem with the details of the evils of such a system, and absurd panaceas for their remedy, it is refreshing to turn to the beautiful filial affection, and the simple true religion begotten of it, which one finds in the life and writings of Father Ryan. It is the true love of home, and the earnestness of the religious faith of the Celt indignantly protesting against the agnosticism and vandalism of much of America. We call again from Mr. Kennedy:

"Father Ryan's poems are dedicated to his mother. The supreme part which a mother plays in the formation of the future character of her son is an old chapter in biography. The greatest and wisest of men have been always the first to acknowledge the undischargeable debt they owed to their mother's fostering love and formative care. The great Napoleon is, perhaps, one of the most illustrious examples of this. That his mother's influence largely moulded Father Ryan's character is but too evident, and his gratitude for this to her is often touchingly expressed. Mrs. M. E. Hery-Rufin, who as a girl knew him well, and often copied his poems for the Press, states, in some published recollections contributed to the *Mobile News*, that he always spoke ardently and tenderly of his mother, and that he often said that his separation from her was a daily sacrifice. She lived at the time of the publication of his poems at St. Louis. He dedicated them to her in the following words, few, but full of filial tenderness: "These simple rhymes are laid as a garland of love at the feet of his mother by her child, the author."

He has told us in his verses of the religious lessons she taught him in youth, for, gainsay it who may, the intensest and most abiding religious belief is that which the prattling child learns at his mother's knee:

But God is sweet,
My mother told me so
When I knelt at her feet
Long—so long—ago.
She clasped my hands in hers—
Ah! me, that memory stirs
My soul's profoundest deep—
No wonder that I weep.
She clasped my hands and smiled,
Ah, then I was a child—
I knew not harm;
My mother's arm
Was flung around me, and I felt
That when I knelt
To listen to my mother's prayer,
God was with mother there.
Yea! "God is sweet."
She told me so.
She never told me wrong.
And through my years of woe,
Her whispers, soft, and sad, and low,
And sweet as angel's song,
Have floated like a dream.
And, ah! to-night I seem
A very child in my old, old place,
Beneath my mother's blessed face,
And through each sweet remembered word,
This sweetest undertone is heard—
"My child, my child!" our God is sweet
In life—in death—kneel at his feet—
Sweet in gladness, sweet in gloom,
Sweeter still beside the tomb."

After giving the principal facts of his life and the extraordinary testimony to his popularity and the sacredness of his memory, when the ex-Confederate soldiers paid, and after describing the place of his burial, Mr. Kennedy gives the following estimates of his writings:

Father Ryan ranks first amongst Irish-American poets. He has not even a rival near his throne. His place in American liserature must also be very high, as his "Songs of the Lost Cause" occupy somewhat the same place therein as the Jacobite songs do in English literature. Irishmen must ever feel proud when they remember that the cultured and chivalrous people of the Southern States, descended from the cavaliers of the Carolinas and the troubadors of Louisiana, were, in a great crisis of their history, indebted to a Celtic bard for the poetic literature which was to immortalise that epoch. But this great achievement is only a small part of his still greater success in a more difficult field. He is the greatest Irish-American apostle of what Matthew Arnold has declared is the mission of the Celt amongst the Teutonic nations—namely, to spiritualise them, teach them lofty ideals, and combat their Philistinism. He wrote what is, undoubtedly, the supreme criticism of himself—namely, that he believed his poems were true in tone, and that his songs were free from all arts of art. The mechanical and artificial are entirely absent, and in this respect he is a glorious contrast to his age. His praise of ideals is his dominant characteristic. After reading his pages one has a more vital consciousness of spiritual existence, a more assured belief in the nobility of harmony and love. His style is a union of two very different qualities—it is the oratory of Byron combined with the polished grace of Shelly. He has all the force of the former blended with all the mystic charm of the latter. The "Sword of Lee," is couched in language as bold as "Sennacherib's Host." "The Last Evening in May" has that graceful mingling of strength and tenderness of the "Hebrew Melodies," while, on the other hand, the misery of the unsatisfied yearnings, the acute anguish of the pinings for what is not of Alastor, are surpassed by the pathetic sadness and sacrifice of "Their Story Runneth Thus." He is also like Shelly in possessing the art of giving a tangible, material-like existence to ideas. A note of sorrow runs through most of what he has written; though it is not dominant, it is widely diffused, it is somewhat like what Moore says to his harp:

So oft hast thou echoed the deep sigh of sadness
That e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

But it is best that he should speak for himself: the direction of his aspirations, the tendency of his thoughts, the longings of his soul, his pinings for perfection, his abhorrence of grossness, are thus clearly stated:

Long ago was I weary of voices
Whose music my heart could not win;
Long ago was I weary of noises
That fretted my soul with their din;
Long ago was I weary of places
Where I met but with the human and sin.

I walked in the world with the worldly;
I craved what the world never gave;
And I said: "In the world each ideal
That shines like a star on life's wave
Is wrecked on the shores of the Real
And sleeps like a dream in a grave."

And still did I pine for the Perfect,
And still found the false with the True,
I sought 'mid the human for heaven
But caught a mere glimpse of its blue;
And I wept when the clouds of the Mortal
Veiled even that glimpse from my view.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

All members of the A. O. H. in Cook County are hereby earnestly requested to be present in full regalia within the grounds of the World's Columbian Exposition at the west end of Midway Plaisance, on Saturday morning, Sept. 30th, at 10 o'clock sharp, for the purpose of participating in the grand parade in honor of Irish Day at the World's Fair.

The grand marshal has kindly honored us by placing us at the head of the second grand division, thereby recognizing the power and worth of our noble and revered organization.

Brothers, let us not be unmindful of this great honor, let us show our unmistakable appreciation of it by our extraordinary efforts toward making this memorable occasion worthy of our ancient and illustrious order.

Therefore let us show the assembled nations of the earth on next Saturday, Sept. 30th, by our numbers as well as by our dignified and manly deportment, that the A. O. H. richly deserves the enviable title long since bestowed upon it by an admiring and generous public, "the finest body of men any nation or country ever produced."

P. B. FLANAGAN,
County Delegate.

The next meeting of the County Board of the A. O. H. will be held on Sunday, Oct. 9th, in order to give an opportunity to all A. O. H. men of hearing National Delegate M. F. Wilbere and other distinguished members of our order who have been in attendance at the World's Fair on Irish Day, and who have promised to be present. P. B. F.

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THE WILD ROSE OF LOUGH GILL.

An Interesting Tale of the Irish Wars in the Seventeenth Century.

A Bold and Valiant Struggle for Homes and Altars by the Chivalry of Ireland.

BY P. G. SMYTH.

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "Under the White Cockade," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A PATRIOT'S DEATHBED — A TRAITOR'S DOOM.

"Oh, mourn, Erin! mourn!
He is lost, he is dead,
By whom thy proudest flag was borne—
Thy bravest heroes led!
The night-winds are uttering
Their orisons of woe;
The raven flaps his darkling wing
O'er the grave of Owen Roe—
Of him who should have been thy king,
The noble Owen Roe."

"'Did they dare, did they dare to slay Eoghan Ruadh O'Neill?'
'Yes, they slew with poison him they feared to meet with steel,'
'May God wither up their hearts! May their blood cease to flow!
'May they walk in living death, who poisoned Eoghan Ruadh!'"

About two months following the events described in the previous chapter, there was a great stir and excitement in the camp of Owen Roe O'Neill, now no longer in the county Armagh, but in the county Londonderry — at Ballykelly, near the shore of the broad Lough Foyle, about midway between Derry and Coleraine.

The circumstance that had brought the Ulster general and his army so far north requires to be narrated. It was another treaty with the Puritans—this time with the savage and bigoted Sir Charles Coote: that is, the younger Coote—for the elder Sir Charles, alluded to in the early part of this tale, had been killed in the second year of the rising, shot at Trim by one of his own troopers, as was alleged. Coote, being besieged in Derry by the Scotch royalists of Ulster, under Lord Montgomery of Ardes—one of the prisoners formerly made at Benburb—had stipulated with Owen Roe to come to his relief, agreeing, in return for the service, to give him £2,000 for the payment of his troops, 2,000 cows, and a quantity of ammunition. In his desperate straits Owen Roe had not the power to refuse the offer. He marched north; after some slight skirmishes the Scots raised the siege and retired across the Bann; and Coote, throwing open his gates, received his deliverer and his staff "with great parade of hospitality and extraordinary plenty."

But ten days had passed since the relief of Derry—strange changes and events happening in the meantime—and, as already mentioned, the Irish camp was in a state of the greatest ferment and commotion. Alarm, anxiety, and indignation reigned by turns. Every soldier in camp was more or less affected at a great, sad stroke of misfortune that had befallen the army. For the dearly beloved and trusted commander was deadly ill—unable any longer to mount his horse and cheer his men with the sight of his almost sacred person—stricken down with a strange, prostrating, and mysterious disease that defied the skill of the physicians!

Owen Roe had made another and a last treaty. Five days after the relief of Derry, Oliver Cromwell set his blighting foot on the Irish shore, and the course of events soon showed the Irish Catholics that the time had come to bury their party animosities, threatened as they were with general destruction.

So that when messengers from Ormond arrived in the Irish camp offering any terms to O'Neill, the latter, who had just broken off all alliance with Coote, at once proffered his services against the parliament, and promised to send 6,000 men against the cruel and perfidious Cromwell. But now that the day was come for the Ulster army to break up camp and march south, came also the depressing shock of its leader's illness.

It was morning, a beautiful harvest morning. The light breeze of autumn came fresh and caressing from the Sperrin mountains, and gently kissed the bosom of the magnificent lough of "Feval the Son of Lodan," while the line of breakers along the shore of ancient Clennachta gloamed whitely in the sunshine. Up from the midst of the ranges of canvas tents and bramble-covered booths of the Irish encampment a hundred blue wreaths of smoke ascended from the expiring camp fires. The air was filled with the murmur of many voices, the eager and excited conversation of men blending with the barking of dogs and the lowing of kine in a confused medley of sound.

The Irish troops, both officers and common soldiers, were scattered in knots and groups all over the encampment, all discussing the momentous question of the hour, the illness of Owen Roe.

"We might all have known it," exclaimed the stentorian voice of Brian Roe O'Neill, in the centre of an excited group of officers; "by this right hand, we might all have known it! As heaven is above us, there can be no luck nor grace in the dealings with those infernal Puritans. Witness the treaty with Monk two months since, when the powder was snapped up by Inchiquin at one bite; and now see the end of our dealings with Coote—our general struck down and dying before our eyes, the victim of—of—"

"Of foul play, O'Neill," said the calm voice of Gen. Philip O'Reilly.

"Of foul play," echoed the stern voice of Col. Brian MacMahon of Monaghan—a kinsman of the devoted patriot who died on Tyburn tree; "ay, by my father's bones, 'tis true. The ruffian Coote has poisoned our general. Curse on the day Owen Roe sat down to table with a vile murderer!"

"Heard ye the rumor of the poisoned boots, gentlemen?" inquired Edmund O'Tracy; "'tis whispered through camp that those russet boots in which the general danced on the night of Coote's ball in Derry were poisoned. They were presented to him by one Plunkett of Louth."

"Humph! a false rumor," exclaimed MacMahon, fiercely tugging at his moustache: "that demon, Coote, is the author of the evil."

"I ween, friends, we see our new commander," said O'Reilly, pointing to an officer who was riding towards them.

The new comer was a dark-visaged young man of powerful frame, who rode his horse with singular ease and grace as if "grown to the saddle." Dark glistening curls fell over his neck, and a pair of keen, sparkling eyes glanced beneath the broad leaf of his beaver. This was Owen Roe's major-general, the famous Hugh Dubh O'Neill, who in the following year made such slaughter of Cromwell's men at Clonmel.

"Comrades, we march within the hour," he said;—"hark ye, general, the commander's litter requires an escort—your own horsemen, if you please."

"Be it so," responded O'Reilly, who was addressed; "Here, general, Captain O'Tracy will attend you; his troop is ready at hand."

"Very good. You will bring your men, captain, to the general's quarters as soon as possible. 'Boot and saddle will be sounded presently."

The major-general rode off, the other officers hurried to their respective quarters to prepare their men for the march, while our hero hastened to the tents of his troop, got his men into the saddle, and rode at their head to the tent of Owen Roe—a tent marknd by the banner of the "Catholic Army" of Ulster, a banner emblazoned with the Red Hand of the O'Neills, and the mitre and cross-keys of St. Peter.

Another hour and the Ulster army, horse and foot, was wending its way to the south, conveying in its midst, in a litter borne between four horses, the fearfully prostrated form of the victor of Benburb.

A couple of days later, and after a march of close on sixty miles, the army reached Ballyhaise, in Cavan; and at this place O'Tracy witnessed a pathetic and ominous event, the last mournful parting of the brave general and his devoted troops.

The event took place on the verdant banks of the river Annalee. Owen Roe was propped up on his couch of pain to make a last review of his men; and Edmund, commanding the mounted escort surrounding the litter, watched with keen and melancholy interest the workings of the commander's face. Lieut-Gen. Richard O'Farrell and Hugh Dubh O'Neill, who were to lead the army southrode up to converse with Owen Roe during the review, and the march-past commenced.

Regiment after regiment of the Ulster army, numbering about 5,000 foot and 400 horse, marched with drums beating and colors flying before the face of the commander. It was a stirring sight, that now presented by the valorous and well-disciplined Ultonians, the best drilled troops in Ireland. Each regiment cheered and saluted as it passed the horse-litter. O'Neill's redoubtable clansmen, the hardy levies of MacMahon, Magennis' men of Iveagh, Maguire's division, O'Reilly's East-Breffnians—brave fellows, whose blood was soon to run like water on the battlements of Wexford and Clonmel—stepped past with admirable order and precision. As they passed the litter Edmund perceived a faint glow deepen on O'Neill's pallid cheek, and a sudden fire sparkle in his sunken eye. Did the warrior's thoughts go back to the days when from the ramparts of Arras he bade defiance to the efforts of the three noted marshals of France—De Chatillon, De Chaulnes, and De la Meilleraye? Or to the glorious day on the slopes of Blackwater, when Monroe's legions gave way before the fiery charge of the men of Ulster? Or did they dwell on the dark shadow of ruin which was looming over his unhappy country while he lay there weak and helpless, unable to draw sword in her cause?

But at length the review was at an end. Very soon the last horseman of the rear guard had defiled across the narrow bridge that spanned the Annalee. One by one the officers surrounding the litter shook the wasted hand of O'Neill and galloped off to rejoin their men. The last faint cheers of the departing troops were faintly borne back on the autumn breeze, the last dim glitter of helmet or cuirass glanced and disappeared in the southward, and the Ulster army was gone!

"Heaven be with you, my boys!" ejaculated Gen. O'Reilly, who remained with O'Neill, "and may you give a good account of the foe when you cross swords with him!"

"Would I might accompany them!" exclaimed O'Tracy.

"It may not be, captain," said O'Reilly; —"your duty lies by your general's side for the nonce. Your longing for the battlefield will keep. Cromwell's agents are wide awake in the North, and, trust me, we shall soon have the foeman at our doors."

The horse-litter was now borne along the river bank to the shore of Lough Oughter, where boats were in waiting to convey the commander and his escort to the stronghold of the lake, described in a former chapter. Into one of these boats Owen Roe was carefully lifted, his small escort was soon embarked, the rowers stretched to their oars, and the great round tower of Cloughoughter soon loomed up before the gaze of the party. A landing was safely effected, and the feeble form of O'Neill was carried to a retired chamber of the castle—carried to the couch on which he was to struggle for months with his fell disease.

Again Edmund O'Tracy found himself in the quaint chamber, with its sculptured coat-of-arms and its curiously decorated walls, in which he had spent a pleasant evening about seven years previously in the company of the O'Reillys and their guests—of the gallant Miles the Slasher and fair and hapless Lasarina Cruise. And now poor Lasarina was no more, and the bones of the Slasher were mouldering beneath the rank grass in the ruined monastery of Cavan. As he gazed around the room it seemed to be peopled with the ghosts of the past. A train of olden memories surged in his breast. In fancy he saw gazing into his own the lovely face, though pale and wasted, of Conn O'Rourke's betrothed; in fancy he felt the manly hand-grasp and heard the deep, hearty voice of Miles O'Reilly. In no hurry to banish the friendly phantoms of his mind, he sank into a chair and rested his face in his hands, for he was the sole occupant of the apartment.

He was roused from his reverie by a gentle touch on the shoulder. He looked up. A lady stood before him, in whom he recognized a former acquaintance—the Lady Rose O'Reilly, nee O'Neill, the wife of Gen. O'Reilly and sister of Owen Roe. Instantly springing to his feet, he courteously took the proffered hand of the fair *banticrna*.

"Welcome once more to Cloughoughter," said she—"my husband has just informed me of your arrival. I fear you may find me but a sad hostess at present."

"Take heart, dear lady. Deeply, indeed, do I grieve at the mission that has taken me hither; but we will hope for the best."

"Ay, we will both hope and pray. My brother is in the hands of God, and may He spare him for the good of Ireland. But again, sir, I bid you welcome; make yourself at home. The leech is with Owen, and I will let you know his opinion presently."

Two slow and weary months passed, during which Edmund was almost continually in Cloughoughter, continually anxious as to Owen Roe, continually looking for news from the principal scene of warfare in the South. And doleful was the news that came—news of the bloody massacres of Drogheda and Wexford, of the surrender of New Ross, and of the general triumph of the inhuman Cromwell. Meantime the general was sinking fast beneath the pressure of his malady. During the first month of his illness, his own favorite doctor, Owen O'Shiel, "the eagle of doctors"—whose acquaintance the reader has already made—was absent, and the physicians in attendance on him, ignorant of the nature of his disease, treated him for gout. When O'Shiel did eventually arrive at Cloughoughter, his services were too late.

At length came St. Leonord's Day, the 6th of November, 1649. On the evening of that day—a dull and dreary evening, with the chill wind sighing wearily over the bleak bosom of the lake, stripping the last sere leaves off the trees, and rustling through the ivy on the lake tower—Edmund was summoned to the sick-chamber of O'Neill.

"Come with me," said Gen. O'Reilly to him, "if you would witness his last moments, and aid his parting soul with your prayers."

Together they proceeded to the apartment where Owen Roe was breathing his last. The corridor leading thither was thronged with a kneeling multitude of both sexes, of the soldiers of the castle garrison and the servitors of the castle. Nearly all were engaged in fervent prayer; many of the women, both maids and matrons, were weeping bitterly.

"*Ululu! ululu!*" sobbed one ancient crone, "another sun he'll never live to see. *Monuar! monuar!* for the last three nights the banshee has been crooning round the castle."

On entering the chamber of death, Edmund was shocked at the sad appearance of the general. Fearfully pallid and worn, Owen Roe lay supine on his couch. He was attired in the brown Dominican habit, his attenuated hands grasped the crucifix; his hair and nails had fallen off. Several candles flared and flickered with sickly glare round the bed, around which knelt many persons, both lay and ecclesiastic, reciting the litany of the dying. The prayer was being read in a strong, clear voice by the patriotic prelate, O'Neill's staunch friend and adherent, Heber MacMahon, bishop of Clogher, while the responses sounded with a solemn, fervent, and impressive cadence. And so, amid prayer and supplication, passed away the pious, brave, and patriotic spirit of the best Irish commander of his time, of him who had been sent as if by God for the redemption of a prostrate people—passed away "in full sense and memory, a true child of the Catholic religion."

Thus died Owen Roe O'Neill. Alas for Ulster! alas for Ireland! For the true national hopes and aspirations perished with the death of him, to use the words of O'Neill's secretary, "whose only name (if but like an echo uttered, and his corse in a litter or chariot carried) would keep life and breath in the decayed affairs of Ireland. What will the poor Northern people do now? Your father, ruler, general, is now no more!"

Two days after Owen Roe's death, his corpse was conveyed for interment to the Franciscan monastery of Cavan (of which now no vestige remains), and there buried in the same clay with the heroic Miles O'Reilly. The funeral train was a large and noble one, among the mourners being the bishops of Down and Clogher, and Archbishop O'Reilly of Armagh, whose venerable remains were three years later laid along with those of Owen Roe and the Slasher in a grave now unknown and unhonored.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.

We the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

The Approaching Dinner Hour

Is fraught with no pleasant anticipations for the unhappy mortal plagued with dyspepsia. Appetite seldom, discomfort after and between meals, always is his portion. Heartburn and flatulence subsequent to eating, a gnawing at the pit of the stomach before it, are only a few among the woes arising from this truly impish complaint. Sick headache, nervousness, constipation and biliousness are its diabolical offspring. Each and all of them are annihilated by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which tones the gastric organs and regulates the liver and the bowels with certainty and promptitude. Chills and fever, kidney trouble, rheumatism and neuralgia are also remedied by this medicine of rare purity and comprehensive uses. Invalids of all kinds are greatly and swiftly benefited by it.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth,

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

WALTHAM "REPEATERS."

Sold to "Citizen" Subscribers Only.

$100 Men's Watch for $80!

THE CITIZEN is now for the first time able to offer to its subscribers the celebrated Waltham "Repeaters." These watches were made to sell at more than $100, but we have an option upon a few in solid 14k gold stiffened hunting cases. A Waltham "Repeater" strikes the time within five minutes whenever a spring on the outside of the case is moved. This is a great advantage in many situations. The two silver-toned bells do not add to the size of the watch. No more of these watches will be made. The cases will not be ready before July 1, and readers should register their names at once. An artistic special catalogue will be sent upon application. Price of watch, delivered, $80.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago. St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Three Harvest Excursions.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway to all of the best farming sections in the West and Northwest, will be run on Aug. 22, Sept. 12 and Oct. 10. Return tickets good for twenty days. Low rates. Apply for further information to nearest ticket agent, or address George H. Heafford, G.P.A., Chicago.

A Night On the Way.

We know of many business men who have traveled between Chicago and St. Paul over fifty times within the past five years and have never seen an inch of the track between Milwaukee, LaCrosse and Winona, yet, notwithstanding, they will assert that the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the best and most attractive railway between the Great Lakes and the Twin Cities (St. Paul and Minneapolis.) They know nothing, beyond heresay, of the beautiful scenery through the Lake Region of Wisconsin or along the Upper Mississippi river, which a daylight ride over this great railway affords; but they back their judgment on their experience with the night train service, which enables them to start from one terminal in the evening and arrive at the other terminal in the morning. The traveler knows instinctively that the track is perfect, because there is no appreciable jolt or jar. He knows that there is not in Europe or America a more complete and satisfactory train than the Electric Lighted, Steam Heated Vestibule Limited, with its berth reading lamps and other magnificent appointments. The Dining Car service is superb. Supper is served on the train leaving Chicago each evening; breakfast on the train arriving at Chicago each morning. Is it any wonder that business men and tourists prefer this—the best—route between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis? Ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, Chicago.

DEGENERATE CAPTIVES.

Where waters tremble into hillside lights
From rocky crevices and shaded pools
The wild stag pauses, watch, fulwhile he cools
His shapely limbs. His proud head towered the heights
He lifts to look in contemplative mood
On his companions feeding freely there
From nature's lavish feast, spread everywhere,
And asking no man's friendship or his food.

Where men betake themselves in tacit shrifts
Of city foulness runs a deer glen girt
With close set barriers. Here, tame, inert,
The deer caress men's hands for paltry gifts.
—Clara Dixon Davidson in Godey's.

A Telegraph Line Before Morse's.

Honor to the poineers in the vast field of science! Mr. John Sime has published at the Chiswick Press in pamphlet form a very interesting memoir of Sir Francis Ronalds. Twenty years before Wheatstone and Cooke or Morse had patented their improvements in the telegraph, indeed while the first two were respectively lads of 12 and 14 years of age, Ronalds had sent messages over eight miles of overhead wires of his own construction and had laid and worked a serviceable underground line of telegraph of sufficient length to demonstrate the practicability of communication by telegraph between long distances.

Details of his overhead telegraph wires were published by him in 1823. Ronalds' residence at Hammersmith, where these experiments were carried out, is the house now and for long past occupied by Mr. William Morris, the poet, who has caused a tablet to be placed on the wall bearing the inscription, "The first electric telegraph, eight miles long, was constructed here in 1816 by Sir Francis Ronalds, F. R. S.," etc. An autotype facsimile of a portrait of this father of electric communication accompanies the publication. — London Telegraph.

Calculating the Distance of a Storm.

Although lightning and thunder occur always simultaneously, an interval of shorter or longer duration is usually observed between these two phenomena, which is due to the fact that sound travels only at the rate of 1,100 feet per second, while the passage of light is almost instantaneous. Based upon this fact, it is an easy matter to tell, at least approximately, how many miles a thunderstorm is away. A normal pulse will beat about one stroke to the second, and by counting the pulse beats during the interval of the lightning and the thunder the lapse of seconds is arrived at and consequently the number of feet, which can be reduced to miles.

For example: If 30 seconds elapse between the flash of the lightning and the crash of thunder, the storm center is at a distance of 33,000 feet, or about 6¼ miles. An almost accurate calculation can be made by using a watch with a minute dial.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Use Pure Water Freely.

Unhygienic habits report themselves unmistakably in the skin both in color and odor. To health and beauty it is essential that one should use pure water (rain water is best) frequently and freely and follow its use with brisk friction all over the body with a piece of coarse flannel, which is a wonderful aid to a soft and glowing skin, as it stimulates healthful circulation. Sun and air baths are necessary to the proper nutritive functions of the skin, and daily attention to the promptings of nature is imperative to save it from becoming a vehicle for offensive exhalation. Care will do much to put off the evil day of wrinkles and decay.—Exchange.

They Make Auroras to Order.

Artificial miniature auroras of the borealis variety have been produced by both De la Rive, the French savant, and Lenstrom, the Swedish astronomer. In Professor Lenstrom's experiments, which were made in Finland, the peak of a high mountain was surrounded with a coil of wire, pointed at intervals with tin nibs. The wire was then charged with electricity, whereupon a brilliant aurora appeared above the mountain, in which spectroscopic analysis revealed the greenish yellow rays so characteristic in nature's display of "northern lights."—St. Louis Republic.

Worse Than Wicked.

If more people understood that any appearance of haste or carelessness was out of place in formal correspondence, they would not use such expressions as "many thanks" any more than the hardly less objectionable phrase, "thanks," in conversation. Such curtness is like the old story, "Worse than wicked; it's vulgar."—Philadelphia Press.

The Tramp's Loyalty to an Ideal.

In one of his delightful essays Mr. Lowell tells of a tramp whom for seven years he assisted with money to enable him to get from Boston to Portland. "He was as fine an example," Lowell adds, "as I have ever met of hopeless loyalty to an ideal."—New York Tribune.

The conditions are favorable for the development of consumption only when the system gets "run down," then follows a cold, a catarrh, the bacilli of tuberculosis become lodged in the mucous membrane, invade the tissues and spread.

The human hair is absolutely the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upward of 900,000 pounds, equal in value to £80,000 per annum.

The mosaics in the Church of St. Mark in Venice are the finest in the world. They cover 40,000 square feet of the upper walls, ceilings and cupolas and are all laid on a gold ground.

Until about a hundred years ago burial in coffins was by no means universal. In early times corpses were merely wrapped in linen shrouds.

Very few can reach deep into their own minds without meeting what they wish to hide from themselves.

Kant's Relaxations.

The only relaxation Kant, the celebrated German philosopher, allowed himself was a walk, which he invariably took during his life at Koenigsberg at about the same hour every afternoon. His usual stroll was along the banks of the Pregel toward the Freidrich's fort, and in these walks he was always a careful observer of the phenomena of nature. He told his friends one day how, as he passed a certain building in his daily walk, he had noticed several young swallows lying dead upon the ground.

On looking up he discovered, as he fancied, that the old birds were actually throwing their young ones out of the nests. It was a season remarkable for the scarcity of insects, and the birds were apparently sacrificing some of their progeny to save the rest. "At this," added Kant, "my intellect was hushed. The only thing to do here was to fall down and worship."

Another great philosopher, Bishop Butler, used to take his recreation, according to one of his chaplains, in a somewhat singular manner. He would walk for hours in the little garden behind his palace at Bristol "in the darkest night which the time of the year could afford."—Chambers' Journal.

The Little Red Schoolhouse.

The essential value of teaching, from the district school up to the university, lies, I believe, in the contact of mind and character between the teacher and taught, and if this be so, then the little red schoolhouse, with its single teacher and few pupils, is a better institution than the big schoolhouse, with 50 or more scholars to the teacher and occasional visits from other skilled instructors. Were I a school committee man or an overseer of Harvard college, I would ransack heaven and earth, if possible, to find teachers with some originality of intellect and with that force and virility of character which impress themselves upon the plastic minds and hearts of young people. And, having found them, I should trouble myself very little about "courses" and textbooks and laboratory implements.

I venture to state this as a general proposition: Wherever teaching has been recognized as peculiarly successful, whether in schools or universities, the success has been due to the ability of the instructor and not to the excellence of the system under which or to the richness of the appliances through which he worked.—Outlook.

Altogether Too Easy.

George is a plain, matter of fact boy, outspoken and honest, who does not permit anything to ruffle him. At his examinations some of his answers were much like the boy. When he was asked what was the difference between decimal and common fractions, he replied promptly and with the air of that question being almost too easy:

"Oh, a decimal fraction has a point, and the other hasn't." — New York Times.

The Washington banking firm of Woods & Co., which suspended a month ago, has made an assignment to William H. Swander. The assets are given at $39,297 and the liabilities at $25,000.

Thomas Venable, a young man of Indianapolis, has been adjudged insane. A false arrest led to the result.

Miss Josephine Hanks, of Roodhouse, Ills., while heating a curling iron upset the lamp and was fatally burned.

Alvin H. Day of Joliet, Ills., aged 15, dropped dead on the street of heart disease while returning from school.

* * *

An effigy of President Cleveland was found dangling to a tree in Sacramento, Cal.

The wife of the Rev. A. G. Martyn of Shellsburg, Ia., was instantly killed in a runaway accident caused by the breaking of the harness on a down-hill.

While the family of G. M. Raney of Decaturville, Tenn., was asleep, robbers entered and robbed them of $4,700 and their jewelry.

James L. Burriss, of the dredge boat Eclipse, was killed at Donaldsville, La., by being caught in a cogwheel.

Dr. Wroten of Louisa, Ky., has been convicted of infanticide and sentenced to two years in the penitentiary.

J. T. Wooten, clerk of Barren county, Ky., is wanted for forging claims in his office. He is missing and his wife fears he has killed himself.

James Wicks at Niagara Falls fatally injured two Italians and barely escaped lynching.

THE WAY SHE LOOKS

troubles the woman who is delicate, run-down, or overworked. She's hollow-cheeked, dull-eyed, thin, and pale, and it worries her.

Now, the way to look well is to be well. And the way to be well, if you're any such woman, is to faithfully use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That is the *only* medicine that's *guaranteed* to build up woman's strength and to cure woman's ailments. In every "female complaint," irregularity, or weakness, and in every exhausted condition of the female system—if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

There is only one medicine for Catarrh worthy the name. Dozens are advertised, but only the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy say this: "If we can't *cure* you, we'll *pay* you—$500 in cash!"

CONSUMPTION
SURELY CURED.

TO THE EDITOR—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and post office address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M.C., No. 183 Pearl Street, New York.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

SOUNDS AN ALARM.

The President Lacking in Respect for Congress.

BURDEN OF A SPEECH BY STEWART.

Addresses, Letters and Interviews Not Imbued With Sufficient Reverence for the Statesmen "at the Other End of the Avenue"—Cameron Comes Out for Free Silver and a Gold Loan to Back Up "Dads Dollar"—Bate's Views.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Stewart's speech accusing the president of talking and writing slightingly of congress and Cameron's in favor of free silver were the features of the oratory at the beginning of the senate week. Stewart began with a citation from President's Cleveland's speech on the occasion of commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the laying of the corner-stone of the Capitol. This speech had been made by a president having more than 100,000 federal offices to dispose of and with a veto power which had been designed only for extraordinary occasions, backed by concentrated capital and encouraged and flattered by a venal press. He described Cleveland on that occasion as turning his face toward the senate wing of the Capitol and in angry and menacing tones using the following language:

"Thoughtless Multitude and Venal Press"

"If the representatives who here assemble to make laws for their fellow countrymen forget the duty of broad and disinterested patriotism, and legislate in prejudice and passion, or in behalf of sectional or selfish interests, the time when the corner-stone of the Capitol was laid and the circumstances surrounding it will not be worthy of commemoration." This declaration, Senator Stewart said, had been cheered and encouraged by a thoughtless multitude and construed by a venal press as a rebuke to the senate. The struggle for constitutional liberty of the Anglo-Saxon race, which had been long, arduous, and attended with many sacrifices, had lasted now for nearly 1,000 years. He quoted at great length from Macauley's History of England as to the parliamentary struggle with the Stuart kings.

Charges Against the President.

He then charged the president with disregard of the legislative branch of the government in not causing the silver purchase law and the Chinese exclusion law to be faithfully executed, the reference to the silver purchase law being that the full purchase of silver per month had not been purchased. Stewart undertook to say that at no time since the execution of Charles I. had any king or president, either in England or the United States, defiantly disobeyed a statute which he himself had declared mandatory, or had allowed his subordinates to disobey it. The president's oath of office commanded him to see that the laws were faithfully executed; but here was a plain mandatory law that had been disregarded. Was it not time to sound the alarm?

Seller Fixes the Price.

One reason given in the treasury department for not buying the full amount of silver is that the price at which it was offered was above the marked price, and Stewart denounced the treasury for acting upon such a reason, which led McPherson to ask whether Stewart held that a price demanded by a seller fixed the market price. Senator Stewart replied in the affirmative.

"That is a very strange idea," said McPherson. "I always supposed that the market value of an article was the price which it would sell for in the market and that in order to quote a price there must be a purchaser as well as a seller."

An Indignity Beyond Endurance.

But worse even than the non-execution of these laws appeared to be, in Stewart's opinion, the contemptuous allusions to congress which he found in some of Cleveland's letters and alleged interviews. He was particularly embittered at the president's allusion in one of his letters to "having congress on his hands." This was an indignity beyond endurance. And then in retaliation the Nevada senator scoffed at the president for his want of a collegiate or any other liberal education that would fit him for his nigh office, and read the president's brief biography in the congressional directory, laying much stress on the points of Cleveland's career as assistant teacher to the blind, clerk, sheriff, mayor, and practicing lawyer.

Cleveland's Trip to the "West."

The speaker made much fun of the biography where it speaks of Cleveland going "west" in 1855—to Buffalo. "He went west," said Stewart, in tones of great contempt; "west, to Buffalo." [Laughter.] The Nevada senator spoke two hours and a half, and then yielded to Cameron, and after that gentlemen was through Bate made a speech, and then Stewart took up his remarks and continued until Voorhees suggested an executive session, when he "rested."

CAMERON FOR FREE SILVER.

He Also Proposes the Issue of Bonds for a Gold Reserve.

There was much interest in what Cameron would say and many senators from both sides of the chamber moved close to him to hear him, as he spoke in a low tone. He began by calling attention to Gladstone's speech in which he said that England being a creditor's nation with something like £1,000,000,000 invested in other countries could not favor free silver coinage, and the inference that Cameron drew from Gladstone's remarks was that for her own benefit England would uphold the mono-metallic standard regardless of the suffering it would cause at home and abroad.

England's financial policy was always sordid, grasping, and aggressive, and Gladstone's speech was reason enough why he (Cameron) should vote against the repeal bill. America on the contrary was always fair, liberal, and generous; that was her policy. She had always, on every occasion, asserted the most emphatic negative to the policy and methods of the moneyed power of England. Some of those negative policies were: "We have fostered and protected the small land owners; we have protected manufactures; we have protected shipping; we have protected our citizens and seamen; we have, so far as we could, under any and all party changes, even when we changed our methods, still preserved the radical policy, which, whether under Federalist or Republican, Whig or Democrat, has always been to maintain a negative on what we thought, and still think, the mistakes of the moneyed power of England."

The measure under discussion was not hostile to British policy. But the speaker said if the bill were calculated to embarrass England that would not be an argument for its passage. "The idea of legislating for the purpose of embarrassing a foreign government is neither dignified nor safe. I do not care to embarrass England or any other government. Such a motive is not fit to be acted upon, still less to be avowed. All history proves that the money interest of England never recoils before such difficulties as are suggested by this line of argument. If India suffers, India will have to submit. If the people are ruined, they will have to die. If the laboring class in England resists, it will be starved out or will be shot down."

He favored the Sherman act. It increased the circulation about $36,000,000 a year, barely enough to meet the needs of trade. Stopping of silver coinage would increase our difficulties. If silver were sacrificed at the demand of the manufacturers the silver states would revenge themselves by voting for tariff reduction. Manufacturers might flourish with silver and high tariff; they must perish with gold and low tariff. He believed he was with Pennsylvania in his stand. Then he proceeded to propose his plan. In the present condition of affairs in the world silver or paper currency needed a larger guaranty than usual.

For that purpose he proposed a large gold loan—large as congress might decide—the gold to be held in the treasury as a reserve. Open the mints to the free coinage of silver—the America product—imposing a duty on foreign silver, and the repeal of the tax on state bank circulation. He would tax sugar 2 cents a pound and repeal the bounty on home sugar. Then wait a year and see how it worked.

BATE GIVES HIS VIEWS.

The Number of Grains in a Silver Dollar Immutably Fixed.

Bate followed Cameron and said that the sovereign power to coin gold and silver into money rested in the independent states and was by them transferred by specific grant to their agent, the congress, and that power was not to coin money from gold or silver, but from gold and silver. The silver dollar and not the gold coin was the unit of value. The silver dollar was the dollar of account which the gold and silver coins were to represent. It was thus intended that the dollar should be always 371¼ grains of pure silver, just as the yardstick was to be 36 inches long.

This measure of value remained whether the coin that represented it was of silver or gold, greenback, national bank note or individual check. It was fixed, no matter what the price, with no regard to the ratio, and remained so until altered by unhallowed hands in 1874. Bate denied the claim that the Sherman law was responsible for the stringency and said that the real cause of the trouble was the Republican tariff. That was the real issue of the last national campaign, and the Democrats had made a mistake in not pushing tariff reform with the same vigor they had manifested to repeal the silver purchase law.

Proceedings in Congress Briefed.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—As soon as the senate was ready for business Stewart took the floor and criticised the president for alleged contempt of congress, as expressed, according to Stewart's view, in his late speeches and letters, in one of the latter of which Cleveland had said he had "a session of congress on hand." Stewart did not finish. Cameron opposed the repeal bill and advocated a gold loan, the gold to be kept as a reserve to sustain silver and paper. Bate declared that 371¼ grains of silver was immutably fixed by the laws and constitution as the standard of value, regardless of the price per ounce. An executive session was held.

The session of the house was an uneventful one. Without a quorum, except when the roll was called, it attempted to consider the printing bill. Without final action on the measure the house at 4:20 adjourned.

The Presidential Succession.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Powers of Vermont, from the committee on the judiciary, has reported to the house, with a report recommending its passage, his bill amending the presidential succession act of the Forty-ninth congress by making the secretary of agriculture eligible to fill the office of president in case of death of the president, vice president and other members of the cabinet.

Bill to Tax Legacies.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Erdman of Pennsylvania has introduced in the house a bill to impose a tax on succession to real estate and legacies. A lineal legatee will have 1 per cent. to pay on all legacies in excess of $100,000, and 3 per cent. in excess of $500,000. Collateral legatees must pay 2 and 6 per cent. respectively.

For Relief of Claim Locators.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26. — Hartman of Montana has introduced in the house a bill suspending for the year 1893 the mining laws of the United States requiring all locators of quarts in the mining claims to perform $100 worth of work on each claim annually.

New Use for Indian Corn.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—The department of agriculture has issued a treatise by Robert Wahl, Ph. D., advocating the use of degermatized Indian corn in the manufacture of beer.

Authorized to Resume.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26. — Comptroller Eckels has authorized the First National bank of Hawarden, Ia., which was recently suspended, to resume business.

Yellow Fever Report from Brunswick.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—Dr. Wyman's dispatch from Brunswick is as follows: "Five cases among colored people. No deaths."

Boston Wins the Base Ball Pennant.

CHICAGO, Sept. 26.—The result of yesterday's League base ball games gives Boston the pennant again. If the beaneaters lose all the other games it makes no difference. Following are the scores: At Chicago—New York 4, Chicago 5; at Cleveland—Washington 5, Cleveland 10; at St. Louis—Baltimore 17, St. Louis 5; at Cincinnat—Brooklyn 4, Cincinnati 11; at Louisville—Boston 9, Louisville 4.

His Brains Beaten Out in Bed.

FRANKLIN, Tex., Sept. 26. — Professor George M. Beard, county superintendent of public instruction, was assassinated in bed, his brains being beaten out.

World's Wheat Product.

NEW YORK, Sept. 26.—An estimate on the world's wheat product made by the Hungarian minister indicates a deficit of 392,000,000 bushels for 1893.

TRAIN ROBBERS SHOT.

DESPERADOES TAKEN BY SURPRISE IN MISSOURI.

Railway Officials, on Learning That a Robbery Would Be Attempted, Send Out a Dummy Train with Sixteen Armed Policemen on Board.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Sept. 25.—An attempt was made by a half dozen residents of this city to hold up a train on the Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs railroad at a point two miles north of this city and when the smoke cleared away it was found that two of the robbers were dead from bullet wounds in their heads. Three others were captured. The dead are Ed Kohler and Higo Indall. Those captured are Frederick, Hersh and Harvey. Interest became general among the people of St. Joseph when the facts of the attempted robbery gained publicity, and there was a procession of men and women to the undertaker's shop, where they were allowed to look at the ghastly forms of the latest St. Joe residents to die with their boots on.

Made Up a Dummy.

Railroad officials foiled the scheme of the robbers when it leaked out that a raid was to be made on train No. 3, which left Kansas City at 9:05 Sunday night and reached St. Joe at 12:30 in the morning. A dummy train was hastily made up and sent on its way ahead of No. 3. This train consisted of an engine, tender, express and baggage car, and a coach and Pullmans. Sixteen armed police officers were secreted in the several cars, the greater number being in the express car. Two miles north of St. Joe the engineer of the dummy discovered a light moving between the tracks and brought his train to stop. Immediately the engine was surrounded by six masked men, one of whom climbed into the cab and shoved revolvers into the faces of the engineer and fireman, while the five others went back to loot the express car.

Fusillade of Shots.

The messenger instantly obeyed an order to open the door and three of the men, Kohler, Indall, and Frederick jumped in, leaving Hersh and Harvey on guard outside. A command to surrender was given by the police and was met with a fusillade of shots from the robbers, each of whom was armed with two revolvers. Shooting then became general, and when the atmosphere was cleared of smoke Kohler and Indall were dead. Frederick was unhurt and none of the police was injured. The capture of Hersh and Harvey was effected, but the robber on guard at the engine made his escape. A search is being made for the sixth bandit.

Had Dynamite with Them.

The bandits had two sticks of dynamite with them, to each of which was attached a fuse about three feet long. It was known to the officers on the bogus train that dynamite might be used, and it was at first proposed to let the robbers explode some of it before firing on them. Before leaving St. Joceph, however, Chief Broder decided it would be a dangerous risk and he instructed the bogus messenger to open the door before the robbers had a chance to explode the stuff. Chief Broder says there was enough dynamite to blown the whole car into splinters. The bodies of the two dead bandits and three captured men were placed on the train which they had attacked. The train then returned to the Francis street depot at 12:35 and the regular train went on its way. The passengers did not know what had happened. It was quick work and the train bearing the officers was back at the Francis street depot in just forty-five minutes from the time it left.

RIOT AT A NEGRO PICNIC.

Two White Men Break Up a Gathering and Receive Serious Wounds.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 25—A riot occurred at a negro picnic at Latonia park, South Covington, in which over fifty shots were fired, and two white men, Joseph Liphart and John Kyle, were wounded. Liphart and Kyle are railroad switchmen and went to the picnic to break it up. They had no difficulty in doing it, and followed one crowd of forty negroes out on the road. Suddenly a negro turned and fired a shot at them. Liphart and Kyle returned the fire and a fierce fusillade resulted. The negroes then escaped in the darkness and Liphart and Kyle were found lying on the ground wounded. Liphart's wounds are serious and may prove fatal. Kyle is shot in the leg. It is not known whether or not any of the negroes were shot.

Has Two Husbands Living.

FORT DODGE, Ia., Sept. 25.—Davis Mills and Cora Trear were married in the presence of 6,000 people at the Hamilton county fair last week. All their household goods were donated by merchants. A few days after the ceremony the bride filed a petition in the district court asking a divorce from her first husband, R. W. Trear, who is still living. Judge Hyatt refuses to grant the divorce, and also refuses to annual the last marriage. Mrs. Trear claims she had no intention of violating the law in the second marriage. Her new husband knew that No. 1 was alive, but also thought there would be no irregularity if a divorce was secured at the next term of court.

The Draft Was Worthless.

ST. JOSEPH, Mo., Sept. 25.—One of the local banks received from a man in Oklahoma a draft on New York for $30,000 with a statement that he proposed opening a financial institution Oct. 1 and that $5,000 in gold be sent him for temporary use. The banker showed it incidentally to the officer of another bank and he in turn exhibited a similar letter and draft. New York was wired and the big draft was pronounced worthless. It is understood that the scheme has been tried on scores of banks in the southwest, but whether any of them has been caught is unknown.

Bill to Protect Depositors.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—The house committee on banking and currency has authorized Cox of Tennessee to report favorably to the house the bill introduced by him to promote the safety of funds and deposits of national banks. The bill prohibits the officers and other employes of banks, except directors who are not otherwise officers or employes, from becoming borrowers, or liable to the bank by reason of overdrawn account, or as indorser, guarantor, security, or otherwise, except upon written application approved by a majority of the directors or executive committee.

Will Boycott Armour's Goods.

TOPEKA, Kan., Sept. 25.—The Topeka Trades assembly has voted to observe the recent boycott made on all Armour packing products by the industrial council at Kansas City.

INTO AN OPEN SWITCH.

Terrible Railway Wreck in Which Eleven Lives Are Lost.

KINGSBURY, Ind., Sept. 22.—Eleven persons lost their lives in a collision between a freight train and the Toronto and Montreal express on the Wabash railroad at this station at 5:30 o'clock in the morning. A score of others were injured, many of whom will die. The freight was on a siding west of the depot and was bound east. The first section of the express train passed by on the main track at 5:25 a. m. It is said that the brakeman supposed that the freight train would now move. He ran back to open the switch, but before the cars had begun to move the second section of the fast express came west at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, and before the brakeman could turn the switch crashed into the sidetrack and collided with the freight train. The wreck is complete, and the houses for miles around are filled with the dead and wounded.

The Dead and Injured.

The list of killed is as follows: J. H. McKenna, butcher, of Hyde Park, Mass. Harry French, 13 years old, member of the Orphans' Bell Ringers, London, Eng.; Charles Berbo, San Francisco; and Miss Alice H. Reed, East Boston, Mass.; Miss Nellie B. Tucker, Newton, Mass.; Conductor James Coulter, of the passenger train; Engineer John Greene, Ashley, Ind.; Warren G Rider, Phœnix, Ariz.; P. C. Zelle, Berlin, Germany; Baggagemaster Lyons; James D. Roundy, La Moille, Ia.

The Injured.

The injured are: Mrs. E. W. Burbank, New Orleans, 40 years old, arms and one leg broken, jaw bone fractured, will die; William Adams, 14 years old, London, England, member Orphan Bell Ringers, both legs broken, injured internally, will die; Miss Hattie Hutchins, Phœnix, A. T., bruised about head and injured internally, recovery doubtful; Fireman Barber of Ashley, on passenger train, leg broken and severely burned, recovery doubtful; B. J. Vatkeney, fireman on freight train, burned and scalded about head and breast, may die; William J. Haskins, 14 years old, London, England, compound fracture of right leg, left shoulder broken, recovery doubtful; Edward Rush, 14 years old, London, bruised about body, head cut; Swien Canfield, Ironwood, Mich., bruised about head and shoulder dislocated; Mrs. L. Canfield, Ironwood, Mich., left arm broken, shoulder dislocated and head badly cut; H. W. Ryder, Phœniz, A. T., head cut and leg bruised, but not seriously; G. S. Hodgson, Dover, N. H., teeth knocked out, arm fractured, and legs bruised; Mrs. S. A. Seavly, Somerville, head cut and arm dislocated; Albert Morton, 12 years old, London, Eng., arm hurt and two deep scalp wounds; Frank P. Dow, Fair Haven, Wash., face cut and hip dislocated; James G. Wookly, London, Eng., head cut and back injured; Engineer Whitman, on freight engine, right arm broken and badly burned, seriously injured but may recover; Miss Hattie Rogers, Phoenix, Ariz., left leg fractured and injured internally; Mrs. Dolber, 458 Green avenue, Brooklyn, leg fractured and cut about the head; Miss Olive Hill, Summersworth, N. H., injured internally and head cut.

HAD TO CALL ON THE SOLDIERS.

Corrupt Methods of Deputy Marshals Cause Trouble at Perry Land Office.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Sept. 25.—A small riot occurred at the land office at Perry and it was necessary to call out the soldiers to restore order. Deputy marshals have been selling places at the head of the line for $50 to sharks who would file on claims of honest settlers who were further back in line, in hope of securing blood money from them. This caused the people in line to rebel and they threatened to burn the office if they were not treated fairly in the future. Special agents have arrived from Washington to examine into affairs at the land office, as charges of bribery have been preferred against some officials.

The body of an unknown middle-aged woman was found near the Salt Fork river, badly decomposed, with a bullet hole in her forehead. There was no clue to her identity and she was buried where found. In the Flat Iron district, in the extreme eastern part of the strip, the settlers are being robbed and murdered by desperadoes from the Cherokee reservation. So far three men have been killed.

PULPIT FOR DR. BRIGGS.

Cumberland Presbyterians Found a Church at New Brunswick, N. J.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Sept. 25.—The Princeton presbytery of the Cumberland church recently purchased the church edifice of the Remsen Avenue Baptist church in New Brunswick, N. J. The ostensible object of the move was the founding of a church of the Cumberland faith in New Brunswick. Reliable information now shows that the main purpose of the move was to place the Rev. Dr. Briggs, who has been reduced from preaching in the regular Presbyterian pulpits, in charge.

It has been known for some time that some of the leading lights in the Cumberland Presbyterian church are leaning towards Briggsism, and it is evident from certain articles of their denominational paper, overtures have been made by the denomination to Professor Briggs to come with all his following into the Cumberland presbyterian church. Some of the young ministers of the Cumberland church who belong to the recently organized Princeton presbytery of the Cumberland church are students in the Union seminary of New York, in which institution Dr. Briggs has long taught. They are in favor of receiving Dr. Briggs and it is thought that when the Remsen Avenue church is made over to the denomination this winter that the pulpit will be supplied regularly by the Rev. Dr. Briggs.

Lost Their Lives in a Well.

WATERLOO, Ia., Sept. 25.—Henry Behrens, living nine miles south of Cedar Falls, exploded a dynamite cartridge in the bottom of a well fifty feet deep. He then went down into the well to ascertain the effect of the explosion and was overcome by the gas. His son, Henry, went down to rescue his father and was also overcome and fell to the bottom of the well. Both father and son were dead before help could reach them.

Denied by Carlisle.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 25.—Secretary Carlisle was shown the London Economist article stating that the United States had been attempting to negotiate a $50,000,000 gold loan in France. He said it had no basis whatever to stand on.

Mayor Trout at Lynchburg.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Sept. 25.—Mayor Trout of Roanoke has arrived here. He is suffering with a painful wound in the feet and declined to be interviewed.

THE NEWS CONDENSED.

Items of Interest Boiled Down for the Busy Reader.

Effie Childers, a domestic from Kenton, working at Springfield, O., was instantly killed by a bullet from Charles Anderson's revolver. He did not know it was loaded.

Thomas Coffee and his son James, two fishermen of Washington Island, Wis., were drowned during a wind storm.

E. A. Erickson, a prominent business man of Eleva, Wis., was found dead in the suburbs of the town. He had been missing since Thursday and poisoned himself. He leaves a wife and three children.

Glasgow Iron company, Pottstown, Pa., resumed.

The Brass Workers' union of St. Louis charge their treasurer, James Messing, with embezzlement.

Charles Tarr, known by many other names, was arrested at Connellsville, Pa., for impersonating a pension examiner. Tarr says he will plead guilty when his case is called.

Governor Russell extended hospitality to the officers of the French fleet at the Massachusetts state house.

The United Typothetæ of America is in session at Chicago.

Harry Chase of Akron, O., was struck and instantly killed by Ensign Pomeroy, a bartender. Chase picked a quarrel with Pomeroy.

* * *

James Grandfield, a prominent Toronto Orangeman and athlete, accidentally shot himself to death while hunting at Toronto.

A Populist syndicate, composed of Kansas state officials, has bought the Abilene Herald, Dem., and The Monitor, Pop., and will unite them.

Allen Frisby, a day laborer at Oakland, Ills., has received $15,000 in cash left him by his uncle in Indiana.

The general store of Jesse Ewers at Fenton, Ills., was entered by burglars, the safe blown open and robbed of $75 in cash, and stock to the amount of $250.

An attempt was made to destroy the business portion of La Grange, Ind., but was discovered in time to avert the fire.

William Favors and John Daniels, who escaped from an Indiana penitentiary, were captured at Paris, Ills., and returned.

While digging a well on his farm in Shelby county, Ills., Representative Baldwin struck a strong flow of gas which seems inexhaustible.

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The board of regents of Michigan university at Ann Arbor appointed Dr. M. P. Hunt of Delaware and Dr. E. R. Eggleston to places on the faculty.

Frank Sberciff was found guilty at Missouri Valley, Ia., in the Pollock diamond robbery case.

Eliza Porter, colored, aged 101 years and 14 days, died at Oak Mills, Kan., where she located in 1865. Mrs. Porter was born in Virginia and was owned by near relatives of George Washington.

W. B. Payne's dry goods store and L. B. Crowther's restaurant at Virginia, Ills., were robbed of goods valued at $200. An organized gang is supposed to be at work in the county.

At the annual reunion of the Army of the Cumberland at Cleveland a resolution was adopted thanking Secretary Lamont for his work in establishing Chickamauga National park.

Miss Edith Train of Fort Dodge, Ia., will be installed as national inspecting and installing officer of the W. R. C. Sept. 27.

* * *

The corner stone of the new dormitory of the Drew Theological seminary at Madison, N. J., has been laid. It will cost over $100,000, and will accommodate 100 students.

Two houses, several small farm buildings, and several stacks of grain were burned at Knox, Ind., the property of Louis Brem. Loss was $10,000.

On account of the fair and races at St. Joseph, Mo., an army of crooks has invaded the place and many robberies have been committed.

Frank Owry, manager of a mine at Aribaca, A. T., was murdered by highwaymen while crossing the plains with bullion.

Typhoid fever is reported to be epidemic in many towns about Hillsboro, Ills. Doctors claim the malady is caused by the scarcity of water.

John Frazer, aged 65, was killed by the bursting of a circular saw in a mill at La Crosse. He leaves a family of grown children.

William Kerrigan, an ex-member of the regular army, was shot while resisting arrest at Oshkosh, Wis. He will probably recover.

While employes of a wholesale house at Clinton, Ia., were eating dinner burglars entered, picked the safe lock with a bayonet and stole $250.

* * *

Secretary Tracy and Secretary Herbert recommend the passage of a bill to remit the penalties for non-delivery of warships on contract time, the government having sustained no loss by the delays.

Governor Pattison of Pennsylvania, it is said, will soon resign to accept a railroad position.

E. A. Ott, candidate of the People's party of Iowa for lieutenant governor, is too young to hold the office and has withdrawn.

Parliament has adjourned until Nov. 2. In a circular letter Gladstone thanks his supporters for their attendance and aid.

Flames originating in a sash and door factory did $150,000 damage at Red Wing, Minn. Railway traffic was stopped.

Secretary of State Gresham is at Chicago visiting the World's fair.

* * *

Daniel Gaddis, living at Whitestown, Ind., died from the effects of a knife wound received in a fight with gypsies over a horse trade.

Seven new cases of smallpox are reported by the New York board of health. All were removed to the North Brother island.

During an electric storm at Humboldt, Tenn., Maud Beril was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

Train Robber Joseph Hardin is reported to have been captured at Caseyville, Ills., on the way to Danville, where his parents live.

Prince Krapotkine, the very-lord high panjandrum of all the anarchists in the world, and a man of the most profound learning, has given Dr. Depew a nervous start by offering to meet him in joint public debate to discuss the rights of capital and labor.

The First National bank of Ashland, Wis., which closed its doors July 31, is open for business.

TWO MILLIONS IN ASHES.

Disastrous Conflagration in the Business Section of St. Joseph, Mo.

ST. JOSEPH, Sept. 25.—At 10 o'clock a. m. fire broke out on the fifth floor of the big department house of Townsend & Wyatt, occupying a half block in the business center of the town. In half an hour the entire building was in flames and the walls fell. Two firemen named Lumas and Fitzgerald are reported to have been killed by the falling walls. It is thought that others in trying to save goods have been caught and burned. The fire leaped across the street to the Commercial block, and this magnificent building, occupied by the Commercial bank and the safety vaults and numerous offices, was soon doomed.

The walls fell in and in a very short time nothing was left of the magnificet structure but a mass of smoldering ruins. The stone building at the corner of Sixth and Felix streets, the Rock Island building and the Casbyre block were next attacked. The fire was got under control at 12:30. The fire department was handicapped by a small supply of water at the start. Many smaller business houses have burned and the total lass will be $2,000,000 or more. The Ballinger building, the German American Bank building and the wholesale millinery store of B. Newburger, which were in imminent danger, are all saved with little damage. The scene at the fire is one of great devastation and ruin.

HIS PRESENCE UNWELCOME.

A Woman's Husband Turns Up When She Is About to Marry Again.

SAGINAW, Mich., Sept. 25.—Lafayette Leroy, a son of well to do parents, disappeared eight years ago, leaving a pretty wife and two children. Shortly after his disappearance his coat, which contained letters locating his relatives, was found hanging on the bridge at the "Soo" and he was given up by his relatives as drowned. His parents erected a handsome monument representing a broken tree in the cemetery here, which carries the inscription "Sacred to the memory of LaFayette Leroy, who was drowned at the 'Soo' Sept. 4, 1882."

The father died last year and LaFayette's wife went to Bay City. She was on the eve of being married again, it is said, when her husband put in an appearance in Saginaw. He said he had traveled all over the world, but got tired and concluded to come home. He has not called on his wife, as yet, and it is claimed that she is not dying of joy at his return. When LaFayette saw the monument at the cemetery he swore like a pirate and is going to chisel off the reference to his life.

UNION SAILORS USE DYNAMITE.

Two Men Instantly Killed and Three Fatally Hurt.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 25.—An explosion occurred on Main street between Folsom and Harrison. The explosion took place on the sidewalk in front of John Curtin's non-union sailor boarding house, and is supposed to have been an explosion of dynamite with intent to injure non-union sailors and to have been perpetrated by union sailors. George Holmes, a stevedore, and Brick McGinnis, a non-union sailor, were instantly killed.

William McKinzie, box maker; William Gronan and Charles Murphy were fatally injured, and John Curtin, Jr., seriously injured. The injured were removed to the receiving hospital, all unconscious except young Curtin. Three union sailors, Terrell, Wood and Tracy, were arrested on suspicion of having caused the explosion. The three fatally hurt have since died.

MURDERED BY ANARCHISTS.

A Pennsylvania Woman Brutally Shot Down by the Reds.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.—Mrs. August Reese was murdered and her husband brutally and seriously beaten by anarchists at Calamity, a small mining town two miles south of here. Some time ago Mrs. Reese learned the secrets of the anarchists and her death was at once decreed.

While returning from church Mr. Reese and wife were met by Moen Laisen and August Brice, anarchists, who at once opened fire. Mrs. Reese was killed at the second shot. The murderers then turned upon the husband and left him for dead. A party was organized and Laisen captured. Brice had already succeeded in getting away. Constable Hehaffy of Calamity says the murder is the indirect result of the killing of a Frenchman a year ago. Brice cannot avoid arrest.

Saved by His Mother.

HAZLETON, Pa., Sept. 25.—Charles Synder, aged 3, fell into a well fifty feet deep and containing about four feet of water. His mother appealed to a number of neighbors, who had gathered, to go down and rescue the child. All were afraid, however, to trust the old rope and rickety windlass, and a stouter rope was sent for. The frantic mother did not wait, but seizing the rope, soon slid to the bottom of the well and seized the child. The latter was unconscious when drawn to the surface, but was soon revived and was found to have suffered but slight bruises.

A Veteran's Story

Jos. Hemmerich.

Mr. Joseph Hemmerich, an old soldier, 529 E. 146th St., N. Y. City, writes us voluntarily. In 1862, at the battle of Fair Oaks, he was stricken with **typhoid fever,** and after a long struggle in hospitals, lasting several years, was discharged as incurable with **Consumption.** Doctors said both lungs were affected and he could not live long, but a comrade urged him to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before he had finished one bottle his cough began to get loose, the choking sensation left, and night sweats grew less and less. He is now in good health and cordially recommends

Hood's Sarsaparilla

as a general blood purifier and **tonic medicine,** especially to his comrades in the G. A. R.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand made, and are perfect in compounding, proportion and appearance.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months.....1.25
Single Copies.....05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each.2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1893.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st, between Clark and LaSalle-sts—M. Coquelin and Mme. Jane Hading.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—Henry Irving and Miss Terry.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Hoyt's "A Trip to Chinatown."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"Brother John."

AUDITORIUM.
Congress street and Wabash avenue—Kiralfy's Grand Spectacle, "America."

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.
Sixty-third street, Opposite World's Fair—Congress of Rough Riders of the World. Open every day, rain or shine.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Felix Morris.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—"The Nominee."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—John L. Sullivan.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an Empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"IRISH DAY" AT HAND.

As THE CITIZEN goes to press, it is the eve of Irish Day, and the indications point to a splendid demonstration at the World's Fair, in honor of America and of Ireland. The Irish-American people seem to have spontaneously demanded this celebration, and old Ireland herself seems to have caught the spirit of the occasion by sending out to participate in the exercises some of her representative men, both in official and in private life. On Monday, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, accompanied by his wife, Ald. Mayne, ex-member of parliament for Tipperary, and Mrs. Mayne, arrived in this city, and were received in due form by the mayor and city council of Chicago, whose guests they are—a delegation from the latter body, with other citizens, went to meet them at Kouts, Ind. All the visitors expressed themselves highly pleased with Chicago, and were enthusiastic for the success of Irish Day.

Ald. Madden delivered a brief speech of welcome on the railroad platform at Kouts, saying: "Your Honor, as representatives of the legislative branch of our city government we desire to extend to you a cordial and hearty welcome. We have among us 250,000 of your people, who have helped to build up the industries of our city. On their behalf we also desire to welcome the chief executive of the capital of Erin's Isle. Our Irishmen are not like what most Irishmen are supposed to be—too busy governing other nations to take an interest in home rule."

Mr. Shanks made a suitable acknowledgment, and the party proceeded to be introduced to each other. Corporation Council Kraus delivered the speech of welcome on behalf of Mayor Harrison, referring to the cordial reception given to the latter official some years ago in the city of Dublin, and extending one equally cordial to the lord mayor of Dublin and his distinguished party at large. Mr. Shanks again briefly made his acknowledgments, and took care to say something complimentary of America and his own country.

All this is very well, and it is well also for the Irish-American people to receive Mr. Shanks with a consideration due to his ancient and honorable office; but THE CITIZEN has received from Dublin certain statements relative to its lord mayor, which throw doubt upon his national sentiments. They come, too, from men grown old in the cause, but we sincerely hope the writers may be mistaken. One thing, however, it may not be out of place to say, that the utterance at Festival Hall of any sentiment tending to glorify the British empire, or the British connection with Ireland in any shape, would be regarded as an insult by the Irish-American people. We have had a dose of "Britain" and the British, and we want no more of that kind of medicine.

Messrs. Arthur O'Connor and Florence O'Donnell, M.Ps, who accompanied the Dublin mayoral party to New York, were unexpectedly detained in that city, but will arrive here in time to participate in the celebration of Irish Day. Among other distinguished Irishmen at present in the city is Mr. John O'Connor, ex-member for Tipperary, and there are others too numerous to be named.

The reports received at Irish Day headquarters in this city indicate a very large contingent from this and other states. The date of the celebration was announced from every Catholic pulpit in the archdiocese of Chicago last Sunday, and a majority of the pastors seconded the patriotic action of the archbishop by calling upon their congregations to do honor to their native and adopted countries on Irish Day.

THE GRAVE OF OWEN ROE.

THE CITIZEN regrets to learn that the brave men of Cavan, Ireland, who sought to do honor to the memory of Owen Roe O'Neill by a pilgrimage to the hero's grave a few weeks ago, were denounced by a local Catholic clergyman, and a knot of factionists. This unseemly and unwarrantable interference, however, did not prevent the demonstration, which took place under the auspices of the Young Ireland Society, from being a complete success. Owen Roe O'Neill was a Catholic as well as an Irishman, and THE CITIZEN is much surprised that any Catholic ecclesiastic should attempt to put his veto on any tribute that may be paid to the manes of that glorious chief. His remains lie interred under the shadow of the ruins of Clough-oughter Abbey, where the land that "gave him birth caught him to her breast" and guards his ashes still. No stately pillar, nor gorgeous monument marks his last resting place. Yet he has a monument more enduring than bronze in the hearts and affections of his fellow countrymen at home and abroad.

O'Neill is one of the most chivalrous figures in Irish history. The education he received in the classic halls of Louvain refined his intellect, and developed his scholarly abilities. The military training, that fell to his lot in Spain, where he spent a subsequent portion of his life, fitted him to be a military commander of unquestionable skill. His thoughts and dreams in exile were ever of Ireland, and when he returned to his native country it was with the view of freeing her from the yoke of England. His martial prowess would have won the day were it not that, as competent authorities assure us, he was poisoned by the treacherous Saxon. The memory of such a patriot should be held dear by every Irishman. His grave should not be desecrated by any ghoulish exhibition of petty strife or jealousy. It should be more sacred in Irish eyes than Mecca is in that of the Mahomedan pilgrims.

THE FRENCH POLITICAL SITUATION.

The recent parliamentary elections, held in France, have had some startling results. Idols, who were worshipped yesterday by the people, are today banished from public life. Fortune, that fickle jade, has treated two of the leading Radicals, MM. Floquet and Clemenceau to a fate they were the last to expect. Both have failed to secure re-election to the chamber of deputies—an assembly which was for years their very dutiful and accomodating slave. Floquet gained notoriety first in 1867, when on one occasion during the term of the Paris exposition of that year, he hissed the words, "Vive la Pologne, Monsieur!" into the ears of the late Czar Alexander II as the latter passed through the streets in a gorgeous equipage. The Emperor Napoleon, who was the host of the czar, was so incensed by Floquet's conduct that he had him sentenced to a short term of imprisonment—the result of which was that when the captive found himself at liberty he was applauded as a martyr, and honored accordingly. Floquet, having been a staunch Republican under the empire, was rewarded for his loyalty by the republic when that form of government came into existence after the fall of Sedan. He was later on elected a member of the chamber of deputies, and eventually became president of that establishment. Owing to his connection with the Panama frauds, he had to resign the speakership, and when the general elections came off last month, he was ignominously defeated by a socialist in one of the divisions of the French capital. It is a curious fact that Floquet was the only prominent politician implicated in the Panama scandals, who lost his parliamentary seat. It proves that scandals are only after all nine days' wonders with the people of France.

Clemenceau, who cleared himself of all suspicion in regard to the Panama swindle, was nevertheless defeated by another socialist in the Department of Var. His political career began as mayor of one of the *arondissements* of Paris in 1870. Since then, till the late elections, his fame as a statesman grew and developed to such an extent that during the existence of the last chamber a stroke of his pen or a whispered word of his could make or unmake ministries. He had at first a small following, but eventually he led one hundred and fifty members of the extreme Radical Left, and thanks to his diplomatic intrigues with the Right, which then numbered some one hundred and eighty Monarchists, he was enabled to overturn any moderate Republican cabinet that dared to tread on the tail of his coat. Like the late Leon Gambetta, he was the occult power behind the ministry, but, unlike that great tribune, he was wise enough never to become a minister himself, knowing that a place in a cabinet or a premiership led—not to glory, but the grave.

The component parts of the actual chamber of deputies are quite different from those of its predecessor. Thanks in a large measure to the unrivalled tact and statesmanship of Leo XIII, the Moderate Republicans have obtained such an overwhelming majority in the new parliament that they easily outnumber all the other parties combined. For instance the powerful Radical wing led by Clemenceau in the former legislature, has dwindled down to fifty; the Monarchist members, who a few months ago were one hundred and eighty strong, are now only sixty. On the other hand the socialists who are more radical than the Radicals gained considerably—particularly in Paris and the other big cities, and from being a party of twelve, as they originally were, they now muster something like one hundred. As for the Boulangists they have been practically wiped out of existence. The memory of the once "glorious general" on his highly caparisoned black steed is now but a sorry relic of the legendary past.

The socialists, who will be the most formidable of the opposition parties in the house, met a week ago, and appointed citizen Jules Guesde as their parliamentary leader. The socialists differ from the anarchists in this way, that while the latter profess to find no remedy for their ills or alleged ills, save in Greek fire and dynamite, the latter prefer to remedey society through constitutional methods only. The socialists themselves differ on many minor points. Some are in favor of the complete abolition of the senate; others would have that chamber elected by manhood suffrage, and not by the limited vote which obtains at present. They are agreed, however, on a joint programme, which means the summoning of both houses for the revision of the constitution. Although the socialists are in France—what they also are in Germany—progressing factors in the body politic, and are daily increasing in number and influence, their Utopian ideas have never been, and will never be, accepted by the commonsense of the vast majority of the French people. The remodeling of society is one of those splendid visions which can never become realities in this commonplace world of ours.

France is now a consolidated republic in the very fullest sense of that term. She has crushed under foot, on the one hand, the last hopes of her royal and imperial pretenders, and on the other the intrigues of Radicals whose only policy was that of hatred of the Catholic church, and a ruthless persecution of that divine institution.

ENGLISH OPINION OF THE HOUSE OF LOAFERS.

A perfect spell of mental paralysis appears to have fallen on Anglo-Irish politics, since the defeat of the home rule bill by the House of Loafers. Parliament, having voted the most necessary supplies, has adjourned until Nov. 2, and Gladstone has gone to take a rest. The old gentleman could not have better spent his vacation than by visiting the World's Fair; but, we suppose, a prospectively tempestuous ocean voyage would be too much for a man of his far advanced years. Still Gladstone, great as he is mentally, cannot be said to have completed his education, as a leader of human thought, if he goes to his grave without paying a visit, however brief, to the United States. He would, no doubt, be overwhelmed by fools and tuft hunters, but the masses of the people would treat him with respect, and recognize his claims to their polite consideration, because of his years and his record. Gladstone has seen a great many things of moment on this planet, but he has not yet seen anything quite as great as the World's Fair.

The English Radicals are preparing to make it hot for the House of Loafers when parliament reassembles, and some of the utterances of their newspapers concerning that body are well worthy of reproduction. The London *Daily News*, in comparing the English "upper house" with that of other countries, says:

"When the Duke of Orleans made a cheap martyr of himself by getting sent to prison, the French papers took to describing his place of immurement. One of them gave to the ante-chamber the name of the Senate, explaining that it was so called because it was a place of no utility. This would have been a hit at a merely hereditary chamber. The French Senate is an elective institution, and should therefore compare favorably with our own. The British Parliament stands practically alone in the world as having an almost exclusively hereditary chamber. From most Upper Houses the hereditary principle is entirely excluded. The Bundesrath of the German Imperial Parliament is not exactly an Upper House. Bismark is reported to have denied that Germany had two Houses, and said it was bad enough to have to deal with one. In the Belgian Upper House there is one hereditary member, the Heir Presumptive, and there are no hereditary elements at all in the Upper House of the Netherlands or in the Second Chambers of Denmark, Sweden, France, Switzerland, the United States, or the South American Republics. In Italy all the members of the Senate, except the Princes of the reigning house, are life members.

"The hereditary principle in other Legislatures than our own is, in fact, confined to Spain, to Austria and Hungary, and to some of the German States Parliaments. But even in these there is a decided limitation of the hereditary element. All these Chambers have life members—not a trifling number such as we have in our law lords, but a large infusion of them. The Herrenhaus, in Austria, has more life members than hereditary peers, and it is not the case in Austria that every nobleman has a summons to the Second Chamber who has taken the trouble to be born first among his father's sons. Even the hereditary members are subject to selection. The Emperor selects and nominates the members of the nobility who shall sit in the Herrenhaus. Those of the Emperor's own family—the Archdukes—are the only members of the Herrenhaus with an unqualified hereditary right. There are over a hundred life members in that House selected by the Emperor for distinction in art or science, or for service to Church or State."

"A Gladstonian," writing in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in semi-defense of the House of Loafers, winds up somewhat humorously as follows: "The house of lords seems to be in politics what the mother-in-law is in the family. She is generally a good deal older than any one else about, she is often in the way, and, though nobody would lay violent hands on the old lady, her disappearance in the course of nature would be borne with resignation."

Now, according to the cry of the Radical clubs of London, Birmingham and elsewhere, the difficulty may be settled according to the threat of the old doggerel:

"I'll lay down the hammer, and pick up the saw,
And cut the two shins off my mother-in-law."

A SOUVENIR ISSUE.

THE CITIZEN issues this week a Souvenir Supplement, which contains the official programme for Irish Day at the World's Fair grounds and in Festival Hall, and is mailed separately to every subscriber, as well as distributed in thousands in the city and country. It should be retained, in memory of the event, by all who receive it, as it symbolizes the union of hearts and hands that ever must prevail between America and Ireland. Although speech and song, and instrumental music, will help to emphasize the occasion, yet it is the numbers and the enthusiasm of the masses of the people that can best illustrate the patriotism of the millions. THE CITIZEN devoutly hopes that all the wishes of the indefatigable executive committee on Irish Day may be realized; that the weather clerk may be propitious, and that everything may be lovely, serene and satisfactory all around.

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN PATRIOTS.

There is a decided revival of patriotism in the ranks of the Presbyterians of Ireland. It is evident that they are wheeling around once more in the direction of the political creed of their forefathers who lived one hundred years ago, and who then made the province of Ulster a stronghold of Irish nationality. The recent address of 3,000 members of that religious community to Mr. Gladstone assuring him that they are enthusiastic supporters of a Home Rule parliament, proves that a change for the better is coming over the descendants of many of the members of the old United Irish Society.

From 1790 to the union the leadership of the national movement was practically in their hands. Nearly all the chiefs of the national conspiracy were Presbyterian. There were no less than twelve Presbyterian clergymen sworn members of the society, three of whom, the Rev. Messrs. Porter, Stevells and Warwick were hanged for their devotion to the Irish cause. These patriots did not belong to the category of emasculated politicians who professed loyalty to the crown. They did not care one row of pins for the integrity of the Empire. Republicans as they were in religion—for the Presbyterian church, unlike some other churches, has no ecclesiastical hierarchy—they were also Republicans in their political belief. They went much farther than Curran and Grattan. They had no tender anxiety about the golden link of the crown. On the contrary their every effort was spent in trying to sever that odious chain, and in making Ireland an independent Republic, owning its own flag, army and navy. Unfortunately, owing to a variety of reasons, they failed to reach that glorious goal, but the fault was not theirs. They fought like heroes on the hillsides of Antrim; they stood in the dock with no lie on their lips, avowing proudly the principles they had championed, and laid down their lives with the calm fortitude of martyrs dying in a holy cause.

After the union, however, thanks to the cajolery of Pitt, and his wily henchman, Castlereagh, the sons of these noble patriots degenerated into West Britons, and their grandchildren continued to remain so till recently, when a large number of them have rallied once more to the national standard. The Presbyterians of the North were at no time affiliated to Orange lodges. They were tolerant of the opinions of others while holding their own, and were in no sense of the word fanatics. They compose a large portion of the agricultural community of Ulster, who at last are coming around to see that they can never expect any salutory land reforms from a London legislature. Hence their present support—partial though it be—of a project for the re-establishment of a College Green parliament.

MEMOIRS OF A SPY.

Mr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, a talented Irish biographer and historian, has recently issued another of his valuable works on the '98 period, in which he throws new light on the career of Reynolds, the infamous spy and informer. Reynolds was originally a silk merchant of Dublin. When Wolfe Tone started and organized the Society of United Irishmen he had no more zealous lieutenant than the future traitor. Reynolds had such a sleek oily way about him, and moved in such high social circles, that no one for some time suspected him of playing a double role. He was, however, at first true to the oath he had taken. His silk business having subsequently collapsed, the tempter approached him in the person of a certain William Cope, who was instructed by Under Secretary Cooke to procure his services as a spy at any cost—even if it amounted to £100,000. Cope bated his trout for £5,000. Reynolds, accustomed to a luxurious existence, feared the pangs of poverty, now that he had failed in business, so when Cope offered him five thousand pounds sterling, he readily accepted the proposal, on the condition, however, that he should receive a life annuity of £1,000. This condition was subsequently submitted to Cooke and Castlereagh who duly and officially guaranteed him the pension.

Such was the genesis of Reynolds' treachery. The price paid to him was very high; but the Castle knew that he was one of the revolutionary chiefs, and that he could therefore supply it with very important information. The great opportunity for the betrayal of his associates came around in March, '98. Fourteen delegates from the United Irish clubs of Leinster were to meet secretly on the 12th of that month at Bond's house in Dublin. No one was to be permitted to enter the house unless he whispered the password which was "Ivers from Carlow comes." The hour and place of the meeting as well as the password were known to Reynolds, who immediately communicated the information to Under Secretary Cooke. While the delegates were arranging in an upper room of the Bond residence the details of the proposed insurrectionary campaign, they were surprised to find Major Sirr and his squad of soldiers, dressed in civilian costumes, opening the door, and putting them under arrest. It was afterward discovered that the United Irish sentinels at the front door down stairs believed the major and his body guards to be rebels themselves, for they all made use of the passwords which had been decided upon. Reynolds had the audacity a few days subsequently to pay a visit of condolence to Mrs. Bond, whose husband was also captured on that fatal night—a night, by-the-bye, which upset all the revolutionary plans decided on and which caused the ultimate failure of the rebellion. After he had spoken his maudlin words of sympathy to the unfortunate woman, he took her three-months-old baby from her lap, and fondled it tearfully in his arms!

Reynolds was by no means suspected at the time of being the traitor who gave the password away. It was only when he audaciously stepped up on the platform, and sat on the witness box of the Green street courthouse and swore away the lives and liberties of Mr. Bond and his comrades, that his infamy became first known to the society or to the public.

After having practically ruined the hopes and prospects of the United Irish organization, Reynolds left Ireland. In other lands which he lived in or visited he never sought to conceal his name or identity. It is said that before his departure from Dublin he stole and pawned his mother's jewelry, and that when she threatened to prosecute him for the theft he secretly poisoned the old lady. He had an insatiable cupidity for hard cash. Not content with the £1,000 a year pension, the reward of his treachery, he insisted that Lord Castlereagh, his paymaster, should provide him with a fat job which would add materially to his annuity. Castlereagh influenced the Portuguese government in 1810 to give him the position of postmaster of Lisbon, Portugal, where he remained four years, during which time he netted in salary and perquisites the sum of £5,600. He was subsequently sent as English consul to Iceland, but his stay in that benighted country was very brief owing to its zeroesque chills and wearisome loneliness. He returned to London without even asking leave of absence—to the great indignation of Under Secretary Cooke. "You are a madman, sir!" cried the latter, when they met, "you are imprudent, I tell you to your face, and you will never be otherwise." "Mr. Cooke," said the informer, with a laconic leer, "if I were not so, perhaps Ireland at this day would not be a part of the British Empire. You did not think me imprudent in 1798." Castlereagh should, he demanded, procure him a new job. He was accordingly appointed consul to Copenhagen, Denmark, where he lived for several years. He was continually pestering Castlereagh for money—so much so, in fact, that Mr. Fitzpatrick thinks that it was this worrying on the part of the informer which was one of the causes why that lordly scoundrel slit his own throat, after having slit that of the parliament of his country.

On the death of Castlereagh, Reynolds received no further countenance from the British government. His pension was, of course, paid him, but he was told that was all he would obtain for the future from the imperial exchequer. He then proceeded to Paris, where he astonished the natives by the gorgeousness of his equipage, as he made his daily drive, attended by footmen and other liveried lacquies, through the heavenly fields. He attempted to force the doors of Parisian society, but Parisian society snubbed him. He even posed as a good and devout Catholic, and used to attend high mass every Sunday at the Church of St. Roch in the Rue St. Honore, until on one occasion as the people were passing down the steps in front of the vestibule at the conclusion of divine service, John Banim, the Irish novelist, espied him, and shouted indignantly in French to the assembled throng:

"There goes Reynolds, a traitor to Ireland!" Reynolds, pale as death, sneaked away with his tail—metaphorically speaking—between his legs, amid the hisses of the congregation, and was never seen more in the temple of St. Roch. This is the only occasion, it is said, on which he acted the part of a coward. He had the audacity to leave his cards at the homes of several eminent citizens of Paris. Among these was Dr. Halliday, an Irish scholar, and a medical practitioner of much repute. In Halliday's hall there hung a portrait of Lord Edward. Turning its face to the wall, and sticking Reynolds' card on it, he said to his valet: "When the informer again comes, refer him to this picture." Reynolds did call again, and felt mortified at the insult—more particularly as he had nothing to do with the betrayal of the Geraldine. He died in 1836, in Paris, after having drawn £45,000 blood money from the English treasury. His remains were removed to Wilton churchyard, Yorkshire, England, where they are at present awaiting the call of the last trumpet. Reynolds was the boldest and least shame-faced of all the informers who ever cursed Ireland with their presence. He had a face of bronze, a Danton's audacity, and a daring defiance of his enemies which was truly most remarkable.

DEATH OF THOMAS LYNCH.

Mr. Thomas Lynch, one of the oldest and best known of the business men of Chicago, died at the residence of his son, in this city, on Friday of last week, at the age of 67 years. He was born in the county Clare, Ireland, and spent the best years of his life in this country, making Chicago his home, at the outset of his career. Mr. Lynch, by industry, sobriety and a natural turn for business, soon accommulated a fortune, and was, until he retired, about a year ago, a leading partner in the well known distilling house of H. H. Shufeldt & Co. He was always warmly interested in Irish national affairs, and frequently contributed large sums—on one occasion $1,000—to forward the cause. He was kind hearted and generous, and his death, although not unexpected, will be deeply mourned. The funeral occurred from the Church of the Immaculate Conception on Monday morning, and was attended by most of the prominent people of Chicago.

THE LATE GEN. DE MIRABEL.

General de Mirabel, chief of staff of the French army, and, perhaps, the most brilliant cavalry officer of the Franco-Prussian war, met death near Valence, France, recently by being thrown from his horse, one foot catching in the stirrup, which caused him to be dragged for some distance. It is rather remarkable that two of the foremost cavalry leaders of the great Napoleon, Generals Excelmans and Pajol, met death, in a similar manner, in their old age, full thirty years after the battle of Waterloo. General Mirabel was, both in a physical and mental sense, a superb type of French chivalry. He led, with Gillifet, the desperate charges of the cuirassiers at Wœrth and Sedan, and, by his heroic valor, which was emulated by his soldiers, covered the flag of France with glory even in those days of defeat and disaster.

Marie Francois Joseph de Miribel was born at Montbounot, Iser, on September 14, 1831. He was appointed Lieutenant of Artillery in 1855, and was sent to the Crimea, where he took part in the siege of Sebastopol. In 1859 he was promoted to the rank of Captain, and went through the campaign in Italy, being severely wounded at the battle of Solferino. Miribel accompanied the Mexican Expedition in 1862, and was again wounded in the assault on Puebla. On the outbreak of the Franco-Prussian war, Captain de Miribel, who held the post of French Military Attache at St. Petersburg, returned to Paris. He took part in the engagements of Chatillon and La Malmaison, and was present at the battles of Champigny and Buzenval. During the Commune he commanded the seige artillery on the left bank of the Seine. In 1875, after being promoted to the rank of General, he was appointed to the command of the 31st Infantry Brigade. He was chief of the general staff from November, 1877, until January, 1879. His appointment to the same post in 1881 was severly criticised, and led to a debate in the Chamber of Deputies. General

Campenon, Minister of War, spoke vigorously in defence of General de Miribel, and the latter retained his post until the fall of the Gambetta Ministry. By a decree of May 6, 1890, General de Miribel was nominated chief of the General Staff of the French Army. He was appointed Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor in 1889.

THE Rev. Edward J. Dunne, pastor of All Saints Catholic church of this city, has been appointed Bishop of the diocese of Dallas, Tex. THE CITIZEN cordially congratulrtes Bishop Dunne on his well deserved promotion.

NOW THAT the house of lords has rejected the home rule bill, Mr. Justin McCarthy and his lieutenants wire a cablegram across the Atlantic appealing to Irish-Americans for more funds. These appeals are growing somewhat monotonous of late owing to their frequency and sameness. They afflict us, moreover, with a feeling of utter lassitude. How long are they to continue, O Lord, how long?

SALISBURY is more than ever disgusted with Gladstone. The Tory squire, having talked Queen Victoria into suggesting to the premier that he should forthwith dissolve parliament, is amazed to find that the latter declined to carry out her "Majesty's" request. The old parliamentary fox refuses to be caught with chaff.

THE miners on strike in Yorkshire, England, resent being treated to the powder and shot of the Lee-Metford rifles of the English military. Hodge, who is at last getting rid of his once dense ignorance, is learning to know his rights and has the courage to maintain them.

SEVERAL Radical members of the English house of commons protested vigorously last week against the appointment of the Duke of Cannacht, one of Mrs. Wettin's sons, to the military command of Aldershot—the second most important post in the British army. The Duke's only war campaign was that of Egypt where he took shelter behind his troops, and viewed the battles through a telescope at a safe distance from the range of Arab rifles. He is a thoroughgoing incapable in the military profession, but he happens to be "the Queen's son"—a fact which has hitherto won him rapid promotion in the service of his country. English Royalty always secures the best plums for its own prolific brood. Nepotism reigns rampant in the halls of Windsor Castle.

MAIL advices from Iceland report that the local parliament of that country recently adopted a constitutional revision bill which does away with the present Icelandic ministry at Copenhagen, Denmark, and transfers it to Iceland itself. Iceland is forging ahead slowly but surely to the goal of national independence.

ONE of the most important volumes of the coming London season will be the autobiography of Wolfe Tone, edited by a well known Irish barrister of that city Mr. Barry O'Brien. Tone's memory is safe in the hands of Mr. O'Brien, who purports refuting the vile calumnies of the Duke of Argyle and the Dublin *Irish Catholic* on the character of that illustrious Irishman. THE CITIZEN has, however, anticipated Mr. O'Brien in this labor of love.

THE bishops of the English state church, who have seats in the house of lords, are the most inveterate opponents of home rule. Their lordships repudiate Mr. Gladstone's policy of peace, and are praying for another Cromwell to put down "the savage Irish." What edifying preachers of Christ's gospel these prelates must be.! THE CITIZEN wonders if any of these militant and bloodthirsty churchmen ever read and studied the Sermon on the Mount. If so, they are untrue to their vocation.

ONE of the peers, and an Irish landlord of a most unsavory type, the Earl of Clanrickarde, left a sick bed to vote against the home rule bill. The sly old wolf would not deny himself such a pleasure for any consideration. Several idiotic peers were temporarily removed from private asylums in order to swell Salisbury's majority. Lunacy or idiocy does not disqualify a hereditary lord from legislating, or opposing legislation. The gilded chamber of England is indeed a veritable museum of freaks.

"LIVE horse and you'll get grass." Such, practically, is the advice given by the Liberal government to the unfortunate evicted tenants of Ireland. Mr. Gladstone refuses to introduce a bill for their relief this session. They have got to wait till next year, and in the meantime they are requested to continue to starve. The McCarthyites have entered no protest against this glaring injustice. If Parnell were alive and at their head today Gladstone would be compelled to provide for the material necessities of these unfortunate victims of landlordism.

THE general public had forgotten that Kaiser William did not happen to get himself crowned immediately after the death of his father, Frederick. Now that some years elapsed since the latter event the young emperor intends, according to the Paris *Figaro*, to be crowned in the month of December. His coronation will, it is anticipated, eclipse in splendor that of Napoleon in 1804 in Notre Dame, Paris. Leo XIII is to receive an invitation to be present, while it is certain that almost all the crowned heads and princes of Europe will attend the gorgeous ceremonial. On the whole it will be a big boom for the young Kaiser.

MR. FLORENCE O'DRISCOLL, M.P., is visiting the World's Fair, of which he is a British ex-officio commissioner owing to his connection with the London Council of the Society of Arts.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

Sir George Coulthurst, Owner of Blarney Castle, County Cork, Says It is Still in Position on that Ancient Edifice.

As there has been much controversy in regard to whether or not the true Blarney Stone is at present located at the Aberdeen Irish village, on Midway Plaisance, Sir George Coulthurst, owner of Blarney Castle, has been impelled to make the subjoined declaration:

County of the City of Cork—To-wit: I, Sir George St. John Coulthurst, of Blarney Castle, Blarney, in the County of Cork, Ireland, Baronet, aged 40 years and upwards, do solemnly and sincerely declare:

First, That I am the owner of the Blarney estate in the County of Cork, on which my residence of Blarney Castle stands and which residence adjoins the remains of what is known as the old Blarney Castle in which the celebrated and well-known "Blarney Stone" is to be found. I refer to a sketch of a portion of said old castle as now existing, and which comprises the portion of said old castle buildings in which the said original "Blarney Stone" remains. This sketch was made by William Henry Hill, Jr., C. B., on the 9th and 10th days of August (instant), 1893, by my direction, and which is a correct and accurate sketch and shows accurately the portion of the old castle with the said celebrated "Blarney Stone" in its position marked with the letter "A" and colored blue on said sketch, and showing how said stone is held by two iron supports running from the parapet of the castle, which have for generations held the same stone in its present position. I have endorsed my name on said sketch at the time of making this, my declaration.

Second, I say that the celebrated "Blarney Stone" has never been removed from its original position as shown on said sketch, and that said stone still remains as shown on said portion of said original old castle building, as delineated on said sketch, and that neither said stone nor any portion of the same, nor any other stone which could come under the designation of the true and original well-known "Blarney Stone" has been removed or taken from the remains of the old Blarney Castle, and said "Blarney Stone" now stands as it has stood always within my recollection. and as I believe stood for generations past.

Third, I make this declaration in consequence of its having come to my knowledge that representations have been made that the true "Blarney Stone," or some portion thereof, has been removed to Chicago, and is now exhibited in the section of the Chicago Exhibition known as the Irish Village and Blarney Castle section, which is totally incorrect, as said "Blarney Stone," or any portion thereof, as above stated, has not been removed from its original position, and therefore said stone, nor any portion thereof, could not be on exhibition at Chicago, as I believe has been represented.

Fourth, And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of an act passed in the sixth year of the reign of his late majesty, King William the Fourth, Chapter Sixty-two for the abolition of unnecessary oaths.

(Signed)
GEORGE ST. JOHN COULTHURST.

Made and subscribed before me this 16th day of August, 1893.

SEAL. JAMES OGILVIE, J. P., Burgh and County of Cork.

In reply to Sir George's statement, Lady Aberdeen has written a letter in which she says that the management of her Irish village never made such a misrepresentation of the facts, and that the stone shown at said village is only a copy of the original.

GAELIC GAMES.

Three football games were scheduled to be played Sunday afternoon at Thirty-seventh street and Indiana avenue. On account of the rain some of the teams did not appear. The Wolfe Tones were on the grounds to play the O'Briens, but as the latter did not show up, a team which had been picked from the Gaelic clubs of this city to play the New York team next Sunday was put against them. The result of this arrangement was one of the best and most scientific contests of the season. The Wolfe Tones have a fine team and with the aid of a few players from the Emmets and the O'Briens they made things too lively for their opponents. Play commenced at 4:30 o'lock, the rain having ceased at that hour. The Wolfe Tones immediately rushed their opponents, who were under the captaincy of P. T. Murphy. Burke, Barry and Powers resisted an attack by Enright, Verden and Woods, but the latter after some scirmmaging succeeded in scoring a point. This nettled Murphy's supposed invincibles and they made a mad rush upon the Wolfe Tones. Powers, Verden, Sheehan and Slattery stopped the rush for a moment, but it prevailed and Watt Powers scored a point. Play became quite warm in center field. Powers cut the ball loose and scored another point. Several of the players fell over each other in the scrimmages that occured when the Wolfe Tones kicked out the ball. W. Noonan had to leave the field with an injured shoulder, and Murphy had his knee wrenched. Their places were supplied by Tim Ryan and J. Sisk. Ryan got the ball on a punt from Sheehan and very cleverly kicked a point. The ball went down to Barry, and he and Egney brought it up to the Wolfe Tones' goal. The Wolfe Tones were forced to send it over their goal. This gave their opponents a forty-yard kick, and Powers scored a point. Egney made several attempts to run, but Carey, Sheehan and Verden were always on the watch and no runs were made. Dan Ahern sent the ball far down the field with a good punt; Fitzgerald and Carey forced it back, and each scored a point for the Wolfe Tones. Powers scored again for the picked team, and "Brady" Woods scored a point on a neat drop kick. With the score even at six points and only a few more minutes to play, both teams strained every muscle to win. Seme mad rushes were made on both sides. Carey sent the ball to Tom Ryan. The latter tried to score, but Dillon saved the goal and sent the ball back. Tim Ryan got hold of it and added one more point to the Wolfe Tones' score. Time was up before their opponents could get even. The result of the game was: Wolfe Tones, 7 points; Murphy's team, 6 points. The players were:

Wolfe Tones—A. Verden, captain; B. Verden, Butler, Slatterly, Hanlon, John, James, P. and M. Sheehan, Erant, Powers, Murtagh, Tim Ryan, Tom Ryan, P. D. Fitzgerald, J. Woods, J. C. Woods, W. Noonan, Enright and Slattery.

Murphy's team—P. T. Murphy, captain; J. Myles, T. Dillon, T. O'Brien, J. Sisk, P. Barry, W. Barry, P. Egney, J. Corbett, J. Burke, W. Powers, W. Burke, J. Lehane, P. Durkin, Ed Ahern, Dan Ahren, P. Martin and T. Naughton.

DONEGAL CASTLE.

Programme for Irish Day.

The following interesting programme has been arranged for Mrs. Ernest Hart's Irish Village (Donegal Castle) on "Irish Day":

Addresses by the Hon. M. P. Brady, the Lord Mayor of Dublin; Mr. Charles Barrington, and others. Recitations by Mr. T. J. Sweeney ("Our Record") and Miss Mattie Lawler ("The Rebel").

There will be songs by Miss Alice Smith, Mr. T. J. Darcey and Miss Ewing. Also harp solos, dancing on the green by Mackey, the famous clog daner, and MacSweeney, of Donegal. In the evening there will be stereopticon views of Ireland by Mr. H. P. Grattan, and much more of interest.

GAELIC POETRY.

Na Slaintidhe.

Slán chum na g-cnoc, 's chum árd-ghleannta an t-suilt,
Agus slán leat-sa a Thiobraid Arainn;
Chum Sheághain dhil Ui Chuire, agus Shéamuis gan choir,
Le saor-chead óm' thoil ceud slán chúghaibh:
Gach lá bhí againn cead "bhuilt" agus con,
Báire agus rith tar éis snádhamh seal;
Air mhóintibh mhín' bhog, cur, seoladh air chos,
Sin slán lém' ghoin do'n ráidhe sin.

Slán chum na n-abhainn, mo ghrádh Lios na n-Gall,
'S gach páire dheás dá n-gabh' meols thrithe;
Slán chum an dream a's chum árd-ghuth na n-gleann,
D'fhághbhamar-ne ann am aoibhinn.
Tá mo shláinte go fann ó tháinig mé análl,
'S ní thrichtaid liom air am na baoise;
Mar a m-biodh báire agus greann le faghail ann go Samhain,
Agus slán le n-ár laethe Brighide.

Slán chum na Máthan, a's chum Sheághain dhil de Búrc,
Agus slán chúghaibh go dlíth le chéile;
Slán chum na Cúlach mar m-biodh an greann,
Agus gáirdeach de'n bhranda leis:—
Tá mo shláinte go fann ó tháinig me anall
'S ní thrichtaid liom air Mhaothaill;
Do chaill me shúbhal, mo "bhault," a's mo láth,
O d'fhág me an t-Sidir's an Rae-choill.

Slán chum an dá Uilliam ta chrádh ghul am dhiaigh,
Agus slán chúghat-sa siar, a Phádraig;
Slán chum na g-cléir a d'fhág me i b-plan,
Agus slán le n-a m-briathraibh cearta:—
Tá do shláinte, a Bhriain, 'dir lámh' aguinn le bliadhain,
Gach lá ag cur ciacha grádh dhiom,
Sláinte fhada óm' chliabh le árd-cheas 's plan
Chum sáir-fhir 's na cléire thar sáile.

Cá bh-fágfainn thú, a Philip, slán chúghat a cuirim,
Slán chum tuille dod' chómhar-sa;
Slán chum mo chumann tá i g-Cnoc-an-churra,
Slán agus fiche dom' stórach.
Go d-tráighfidh an tuile tá 'dir me 's thusa,
Grádh beidh agam a g-cómhadh dhuit
Lámh air mo ghlaine, slán chúghat a cuirim
Do shláinte tar muir anois ólaim.

IRISH NEWS.

Leinster.

The people of Kildalkey are going to re-establish their famous races that flourished in the good old days of our great grandfathers. Already the committee have the preparations in an advanced state, and on the 26th instant, the day fixed for the races, a first-class day's sport will be provided for the lovers of steeplechasing. It goes without saying that the project is popular, and has met with generous financial support, and it is certain that the general public will assemble en masse, and have a real enjoyable day with the good people of Kildalkey on their native turf.—*Leinster Leader.*

The remains of the late Mr. P. Boylan were removed from his residence, Athboy Gate, Trim, for interment in Newtown, Trim cemetery. The esteem in which the deceased was held was amply testified by the very large concourse of people who attended the funeral. The last rights were performed by the Rev. P. Callary, P.P.

The September fair of Drogheda was held on Wednesday, Sept. 13, at Drogheda. There was a good supply of beef cattle. It was a subject of much remark that export cattle were reduced in price from the rates of late fairs, owing to the prevalence of the great colliers' strike in England. Springers and dairy cattle of good quality sold at from £18 to £22 each; second class and inferior kinds, £14 to £16. Young stock was in good supply, as were advanced stores. Three year olds, £11 to £13 10s; two year olds, £8 to £10; yearlings, £5 to £7 each. Polly bullocks, for the Scotch trade, sold at from £11 to £13; dry cows or strippers, £10 to £12. There was a small sheep fair. Good wethers, £2 15s to £3 each; ewe and light kinds, £1 10 to £2. There was a small pig fair. Coarse, heavy bacon pigs, 58s to 60s per cwt; porkers at same price; stores, 38s to 45s each; weanlings, 18s to 20s each. The horse fair was chiefly composed of agriculturals and "long tails." The latter sold at from £11 to £25, according to age and merit, and the former from £20 to £30. A few working horses sold at from £30 to £35.

On Thursday, Sept. 7, Mrs. Kennedy, Killane, Edenderry, died at the advanced age of 91 years, fortified by the rites of the Catholic church. The deceased was widely known and very much respected in the district. The funeral on Saturday, Sept. 9, testified to her great popularity, it being attended by persons of all classes and creeds.

Munster.

There were more than 12,000 persons at the amnesty meeting in Limerick on Sept. 17. William Redmond, and Pierce Mahoney made addresses in favor of the release of Irish political prisoners. The meeting passed resolutions censuring Home Secretary Asquith, because he opposed the liberation of these prisoners and denouncing the Liberal party for having abandoned its promises to do them justice. Mr. Gladstone was also blamed for his apathy in the cases of Irish political offenders, and his alleged indifference to their fate was contrasted to the sympathy he manifested toward the oppressed in foreign countries. Mr. Redmond was received with great enthusiasm, and the resolutions were passed amid cheers.

The new Fire Brigade station in Cork, which has been erected at a cost of £1,800, was formally taken over from the contractor by Alderman Dale and Mr. P. H. Meade, T. C., on behalf of the corporation. The station is situated in Sullivan's quay, and is a fine, commodious building, which has been turned out of hands in a very admirable manner by Mr. Stephen Scully, a local builder. The station, while affording ample and convenient facilities for the engines and appliances, will afford accommodation to all the members of the Fire Brigade and their families. The erection of the new station places the local brigade in a position to exercise even greater expedition in dealing with fires than has hitherto been the case. The brigade, under the command of Capt. Hutson, is now in a very efficient condition.

At a special meeting of the members of the Dungarvan Dramatic Club, held on Wednesday evening, Sept. 6, Messrs. R. R. Knowls, T.C., James Dunne, John Walsh, E. Keohan, Thomas Cusack, Frank Williams, P. Mahony, T. Butler, James Coughlin and M. Hannigan being present, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted: "That we, the members of the Dungarvan Dramatic Club in special meeting assembled, having heard with feelings of mingled pain and sorrow the death of a son of our esteemed friend, Mrs. Charles Sullivan, do hereby tender her our most sincere and heartfelt sympathy in her sad bereavement; also that we remember with pleasurable pride the honor we have had in performing on a former occasion with Mrs. Sullivan, and how she endeared herself to every member of the club by her unaffected grace and the splendid manner in which she discharged her professional duties while with us. These remembrances only serve to intensify the very great regret we feel at the dark cloud that has cast its deadly shadow on Mrs. Sullivan's happy household."

On the evening of Sept. 4, John Irving, employed at the Tramore gas works, was arrested on the charge of having stolen some furniture from the works. The accused was brought before Mr. Bodkin, R.M., and returned for trial, bail being accepted. On the following Saturday, the necessary bail being forthcoming, Irving was brought before Mr. W. R. Ward, J.P., who discharged him.

Connacht.

The Keelogues fair was held Sept. 6, and was well attended. The prices for sheep and cattle in condition, ranged much higher than general expectation. Bullocks were sold at the large figure of £13 10s, and fat sheep at £2 5s.

Mrs. Mary McDonnell, The Cottage, Pulnagowna, Swinford, county Mayo, died on Saturday, Sept. 2, aged 27 years. The deceased, who was a sister of the Rev. M. Dempsey, chaplain, Convent of Sisters of Charity, Banada Abbey, and eldest daughter of Mr. Michael Dempsey, Killasser, county Mayo, was held in the utmost affection and esteem by all her acquaintances, and more particularly by her immediate neighbors, among whom she came on her marriage, only three years ago. The interment took place on the 4th inst., at the family burial place, Killasser, and the funeral procession which was one of the largest and most representative that has been seen in the district for years bore ample witness to the great sorrow felt for the death of Mrs. McDonnell, and testified to the sympathy entertained for Mr. McDonnell and Father Dempsey in their almost irreparable loss. Solemn high mass of requiem was celebrated at 11 o'clock on Monday at Meelick Catholic chapel, Swinford, by Rev. M. Burke, C. C.

The death of Mr. John Fitzpatrick, which took place at Westport, on Wednesday night, the 6th inst., was entirely unexpected. For over thirty years he occupied public positions in Westport, and brought to the discharge of his duties (which were sometimes of a very onerous nature) intelligence of no mean order, and invariable courtesy and cheerfulness towards rich and poor alike. His illness was only of a week's duration, and although he was in his 74th year, the news of his death was received with surprise as well as with keen regret. He left a widow and six young children absolutely unprovided for.

Ulster.

The twenty-sixth annual United Trades Congress, which sits in Ireland for the second time since its initiation, opened its proceedings in Ulster Hall, Belfast, on Sept. 4. The assemblage of delegates, who number nearly 500, is representative of all the important trade and labor organizations of the United Kingdom. Among the prominent trades union representatives who are present at the congress, which will last the entire week, are Mr. John Burns, M.P.; Mr. Keir Hardie, M.P.; Mr. Fenwick, M.P.; Mr. Tom Mann, Ald. Ben Tillett, Dr. Aveling, Mr. Pete Curran. Lady Dilke was also present at the congress. The programme, which will be discussed during the week, is an extremely important one, embracing all the burning questions which are at present agitating the labor world. The agenda paper is a very bulky one, containing in all eighty-four resolutions for discussion. The workmen of Belfast, recognizing the importance of the congress, have made ample arrangements for the comfort of the delegates, and the manner in which business has been arranged leaves ample opportunity for enjoying some of the interesting places in the city and adjoining neighborhood. The Dublin trades are well represented.—*Irish Daily Independent, Sept. 5.*

The Belfast Glassworks Athletic Club held its first public meeting on the Ulster Cricket Club grounds, Ormeau road, on Sept. 8. The club is a young one, but it will soon rank among the most popular in Belfast. The day was fine, and despite the fact that one of the League football matches was being contested, the "gate" was one of the largest of the season. At no meeting were there so many exciting finishes, and in all cases the time was well up to the mark. A number of complaints were made as to the handicapping in the events. The half-mile bicycle championship of Ulster fell to J. McCormick. J. H. Robb won the 100-yards, from the 7½-yards mark, beating Morrison, Campbell, and McElroy. The quarter-mile championship of Ulster was considered a soft thing for Lavelle, but J. A. McMaster whipped him, and also H. Lyttle, who was considered a good man for the event. The four-mile bicycle race was a gift for McPherson in his present form, and his win was a popular one.

The Conservative party in Armagh fixed Saturday night, Sept. 9, for a general rejoicing over the defeat of the Home Rule bill. A large crowd of people paraded the streets, cheering the house of lords and the Unionist leaders. The plate-glass windows and lamps of two tradesmen were smashed during a conflict between Unionists and Nationalists. Afterwards, during a mock funeral of Mr. Gladstone and the Home Rule bill, the processionists passed the military barracks. Some soldiers cheered for home rule, and threw stones over the wall. Early the next morning a crowd of Nationalists wrecked the fronts of the houses of several Protestants, and much excitement prevails.

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CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

Information Wanted.

Information is desired of the whereabouts of Mr. Myles Farnan, native of Castleblaney, county Monaghan, Ireland. He worked in the Brooklyn Navy Yard some years ago. Last heard of him was in New Jersey. Address Patrick Madden, Harvard, M'Henry Co., Ill.

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NIGHT IN RUSSIA.

Love us in black; every one will love us in red.—Russian Proverb.

"I was a university man, gospodeen (sir), and an officer in the guards, too—God's my witness—before I took to skulking at street corners without a copper copeck to pay for a night's shelter. It is a true saying, 'Let no man ever scorn the beggar's knapsack nor the convict's cell, nor spit in the well he may have to drink from.'"

These words, issued from a heap of blackness darker than the dusky background of the dead wall close to which it cowered, brought me to a standstill at the corner of a lonely street in Kiev, the mother of Russian cities. I don't know exactly why I stopped to listen, for I was never before in a less charitable mood than on that wild winter's night. The frost would have frozen up the milk of human kindness in the breast of a saint and made a stoic morose and selfish. Although but a few minutes past 9, the streets were as deserted as at midnight, and the few stragglers still abroad were floundering helplessly about in the deep snow, the sharp prickly particles of which were being well rubbed into their faces and ears by an icy wind violent enough to root up the paving stones and sharp enough to shave a new laid egg.

Heavens, what a wind! An English northeaster is a gentle zephyr to it. And the air was cold enough in all conscience to dispense with the factitious aid of wind, for when the mercury slinks away till it has put 45 degrees between its resting place and freezing point, rely upon it, circulation is going on under sufficiently serious difficulties. But the storm made the air feel fully 20 degrees colder. The frost penetrating the body like a shot from a Manlicher regulation rifle, you had no time to shiver or shudder, but your heart began to flutter like a bird beating its wings against the cage bars, and your teeth were set firmly as in lockjaw. Then you remembered the sins of your youth and meditated upon death.

That is how I felt, although physically enveloped from head to foot in a warm fur shooba (mantle), in which my own mother would not have recognized her son. Moreover, I was in a peevish, discontented frame of mind. Everything had gone agley with me all that day, and I had been for the past 10 minutes keeping one eye half open in hopes of sighting a stray sleigh to take me away from the scene of my tribulation, but there was not a vehicle of any kind within hail. The hills and hollows of slippery snow that beset my path had also tried my temper.

I had twice measured my full length on the ground, getting the snow down my neck and smashing my new maximum thermometer in my efforts to rise, while the wind made my cheeks and eyelids ache, numbed my nose, till in sheer self defense I had to rub it briskly with snow, and continually blew my shooba wide open, threatening me with inflammation of the lungs and consumption. I could have punished that wind as Xerxes punished the waves, if I only had slaves to do my bidding, and failing that I could have sat down where I was and cried with rage and vexation, but I have always been opposed to suicide on principle.

Such were the circumstances under which I was suddenly confronted by a lasy hulk of a fellow who, for aught I knew, might follow up his appeal for alms by the magic assurance that he had nothing in the world to call his own but a single revolver and a few miserable cartridges with which it was loaded. Beggars in Russia are as plentiful as blackberries, as persuasive as Irish lawyers and sometimes as desperate as highwaymen. A year's experience of their ways, without exactly turning you into an unfeeling cynic, develops a thin crust of ice around your heart which it needs something more than the fire of everyday eloquence to thaw.

"Why don't you work like an honest man?" I asked, uncertain what to say.

"Work?" he replied, interrogating.

"Work" (bitterly). "Tobies are dressed in shoobas, as they ought to be this time of the year. Who'll give work to the outcast—to the jetsam and flotsam of a rotten society? I've fallen to the very bottom of the social staircase—the next step is the grave, and I shan't have very long to wait for that now. Night is as good a season for death as day, and frost not more painful than hunger. May God requite you for your kindness, gospodeen. Good night."

"Stop a moment," I exclaimed, desperately working my way toward the receding bundle of darkness. "You have willfully misunderstood me and insulted me to boot, and you should be the last man to do that. 'For the wolf there's hunger; for the fox toothsome morsels,' says the proverb. What I meant to say was that if you were telling me the truth and really desired to become honest and industrious again, I would at once—h'm—that is, I could—h'm—if—I mean that, if I saw my way, I might right things somewhat again for you. Where do you live?"

"In space."

"No lodgings?"

"No, nor the price of them either."

"Where did you live—that is, h'm, lodge, sleep, I mean?"

"In a hayloft."

"And before that?"

"In a church."

"Now, look here; draw nearer to the lamp; yes, that's it. Just come with me, and I'll put you in my kitchen for tonight, and tomorrow I'll see what I can do for you. I'm taking you at your own estimate, mind, and I hope you'll justify"——

"It's not a very extravagant one, I fancy. An outcast, I believe I said—the flotsam"——

"Why will you persist in misunderstanding me? I mean as to your past."

"Well, that won't throw very much light on my future. Don't think I want to touch your heart. Perhaps I did when I first accosted you. Hunger and cold make a man do strange things. But now I don't care a cedar nut what befall me. It's all fate. •I'll go with you, if you like; if you don't like, why, I'll tuck myself up in the snow. There are not seven deaths in store for us, and we can't steer clear of one."

"What you want, my friend, is common sense and moderation. Oh, dash this snow! I've broken my arm, I swear. The sidewalk ought to be strewn with sand, instead of which"——

"They've strewn it with snow," he broke in very impertinently, as it seemed to me, for although I had not broken my arm I had hurt it, and I did not relish being laughed at by a beggar. I bottled up my rage, however, by way of giving him an object lesson in self mastery, and we soon came up to a sleigh, the driver of which was wildly dancing in order to keep away the bitter cold and treacherous sleep.

An hour later we were comfortably seated in my dining room at a table adorned with a big, bright samovar, sweetly singing of the joys of domesticity, as no kettle on the most blazing fire in the coziest of rooms ever yet sang. My strange guest—Nikolai Stepanovitch Maikoff was the name he gave—had brightened up a bit, but only as to his brain. His mood remained as despondent as before. He was a tall, spare man, with a long, pinched face, high cheek bones, hollow cheeks with hectic flush, sunken eyes and shaggy red beard. His bearing was as haughty as that of a Spanish beggar, his tone frank and familiar almost to the point of cynicism, and he had an awkward habit of talking loudly and interrupting others.

He was an old man of 28 or thereabouts—experience being the stuff that age is made of, and he, having a deal more than his share, had burned life's candle at both ends and scoffed at the idea of economizing now. I felt pity for the man on abstract principles, for I was fresh from the university and full of the idea of regulating society and infusing what we labeled "the quintessence of Christianity, or the gospel according to Dostoleffsky," into my life. I mentally set myself to the task of rescuing this outcast from the jaws of spiritual death and smuggling him once more into decent society through some back door, for I held that every fallen man is better than he fancies himself. I am of the same opinion still only I would now add—if not a good deal worse.

"I suppose you don't mind my asking you something about your antecedents—just enough to guide me in my choice of ways and means of helping you," I said as I pushed the second tumbler of piping hot tea toward him, the delicious fragrance of which he speedily dispelled with a thin slice of lemon and was about to annihilate utterly by adding a suspicion of rum—a very heavy suspicion, it seemed to me at the time.

"Ah, batyaoshka" (little father), he exclaimed, waving his hand despairingly, "the mere thought of disturbing the ghosts of the past makes my flesh creep. They seem to stare at me like deserted images of myself, and they often haunt and mock me till death would seem a relief if I were sure of not meeting them as torturing fiends down there. 'The moth eats stuffs, and sorrow gnaws the heart of man,' says the proverb, and some men's hearts were made only to be gnawed perpetually like Prometheus' liver. Mine is one of the number. I never had what's known as luck, but an invisible luck conductor instead. The pleasant thing that I saw only in dreams happened every day to other people when they were awake."

And having emptied his glass he pushed back the saucer on which it stood so violently toward me and the samovar that the tumbler fell out and stained the white tablecloth. I cut short his apologies by ignoring the incident altogether and returning to the previous question.

"You are a pessimist, Nikolai Stepanovitch," I exclaimed, "and"——

"Believe me," he broke in, "I'd gladly win the game, but I have neither trumps nor a long suit, as the saying is, and must needs let things slide. 'When the lemon's squeezed dry, it's high time for the peel to be flung away,' and that's my case."

"Well, tell me how it all came about anyway. You say you were at the university. Did you take your degree?"

"Not I. I never took anything worth having. My lot has been that of the Tartar in the story. When he saw the delicious kissell (a kind of jelly) in his dream, he had no spoon to eat it with, and when he went to bed with a spoon in his hand he saw no kissell. I left the university when my father lost his fortune, of which we were ignorant until he lost his life too. My sister and myself were then for turning our hands to some lucrative work so as to keep the mill turning. But my mother would not hear of it. She adored me as an icon, and she wanted a golden frame to put me in. I was to enter high society and play a lion's part therein. The shortest cut to the salons being through the officers' messroom of a crack regiment, I entered the Preobnoshensky regiment as a volunteer and in 14 months had passed my examinations and won my epaulets.

"Life there is an expensive luxury. One's pay falls short of £10 a year, and money must never seem a consideration to an officer. My mother had a little annuity of her own, not enough to support me alone, and how she managed to scrape together the money I squandered was a mystery which I did not seek to clear up. Her life, I could see, was a tissue of physical privations. My sister hinted that it was also a series of more tortures. Of that, however, I never saw any signs. But it was balm to her heart to know that I was invited to every big function of the city, beginning with the court ball of the winter palace and ending with the private theatricals at Princess X.'s. Being an untiring dancer and a fair talker, I was in great demand everywhere. That was the first point in the programme drawn up by my mother, who lived on the tales of my success.

"In time I was booked through for the haven of matrimony to take in a precious cargo there, and that was my mother's second and last point. The girl? Like most girls of her age and position, only not quite so fresh perhaps, not quite so cultured and not quite so highly connected. One evening shortly before the day fixed for our wedding, while petty annoyances were making my life a misery, I received a telegram from my sister asking me to call on her at once. I seated myself in a sleigh and glided noiselessly away to my mother's, full of a presentiment that a fresh stroke of misfortune was about to fall. One trouble breeds another, as the saying goes but every sorrow bears seven.

"Leepotshka, my sister, made no attempt to break the news. The preestav she said, was coming to seal up everything we possessed for the creditors. If we would raise the amount in time, the calamity might be averted. It was a large sum, but I got it that night from the father of one of my comrades in return for a receipt. My promise to pay by a certain date was verbal.

"Then I made some attempts to tap various sources of honest income compatible with an officer's dignity. I might as well have tried to press oil from a rock. I called on editors of newspapers and reviews. They received me with smiles, but as soon as they knew what I wanted seemed to feel on pins and needles till the thickness of the door was between them and me. This drove me into the clutches of a swindling money lender. A Jew? No. I wish he had been. He was what a Chinaman would call a Christian devil.

"He lent me money readily more than once. Then he assailed my ears with unceasing talk about bills of exchange, imitating handwriting, acquiring untold wealth, etc. I didn't know exactly what he was driving at, but I was satisfied that the public prosecutor would know, and that his vocabulary afforded a very ugly word for it. That alone should have made me cautious, but it didn't. Anyhow, it is silly to fight against fate. As the proverb has it, "Move slowly and you will not elude sorrow; quickly, and you will overtake misfortune." A bird is caught by food, and a man by specions words. I yielded and wrote a name which belonged to an absent millionaire, who was not even my friend. Next morning I awoke to the fact that I was a criminal.

"Then the scoundrel rubbed his hands and smiled and wiped his greasy forehead with greasy handkerchief, and said he would never tell. He would not even use the documents. He would sacrifice his own money for my sake, but on my marriage I must undertake to give him 100,000 rubles in installments. One morning, after he had been running on like this for an hour, I got up and knocked him down, then I shook him till he was blue in the face, and I was dragging him to the door to fling him out when he called me a dashed forger and threatened to send me along the Vladeemer road (a synonym for exile to Siberia). I then pushed him violently into the anteroom, where two comrades of the regiment stood looking in speechless horror at the scene.

"I was allowed to send in my resignation. Otherwise I should have been a pariah from the beginning, instead of a slow process of evolution. For a man who quits the army as I did, the only branch of public service open is the police. I applied for a position in the gendarmerie and obtained it. The letter which brought that welcome news was put into my hands on my return from my mother's funeral. How she died? For heaven's sake, don't ask me. Even now I cannot trust myself to speak of that. My bride? She is now the wife of Count Y. and one of the leaders of fashion."

"I have put the iron bedstead in the kitchen, master, and they (the Russian way of speaking politely of a third person who is present) can go to bed when they like," said my servant girl, eying furtively my guest as she entered and left the room.

"I have little more to add," concluded Nikolay Stephanovitch. "For a time I was dazed and moped about. Then I tried to realize my position by considering from every conceivable point of view the fact that I was a criminal, a forger, the murderer of my poor old mother, who adored me, the destroyer of my sister's happiness, a human devil, in a word. There seemed to me to be a mystery as to how it had all come about. I felt like Œdipus and so many of his countrymen, who drifted into crime in spite of themselves, as it were, and I loathed my surroundings, scorned my coarse companions and cursed my fate. Then, little by little, I grew accustomed to everything and forgave myself and forget my crime in the end—assimilated it, in fact.

"After this I took to cards, drinking and kindred 'pastimes,' and I might be playing a game of 'vint' this very moment had I not taken pity on a day dreamer who was in danger of transportation. He was a crack brained literary man, who believed in God and the power of ideas, cared about every one but himself and had an excuse for the worst criminal. 'Spit in his eyes,' a proverb says, 'and he'll call it God dew.' His lodgings were to be searched for compromising papers next night, and one of my chums was told off to do the work. I was sorry for the poor fellow, for he had done more to give me a little peace of mind than any priest I ever met. I dropped him a line—anonymously of course—and next day was dropped by the service."

"Surely the man was not a spy?" I asked.

"Heavens, no! As true as gold. He was that sort of a man that would let himself be roasted over a slow fire just to save a perfect stranger from a flogging. I afterward found out that he had been arrested before I ever posted the note of warning. A trap? Maybe. They are not all asleep who snore, even among the Russian police. Or a curious coincidence? The devil knows. I neither knew nor cared. To me it spelled the same word both ways, and that was ruin."

"Ruin?"

"Aye, ruin. A dismissed gendarme is worse than a convict. Every door is shut to him. He is shunned even by the convicts who return from Siberia. For him, and therefore for me, there is but one issue—death."—London Telegraph.

THE SIAMESE HAREM.

A COMPLETE CITY WHEREIN WOMAN'S REIGN IS ABSOLUTE.

Its Government, Amusements and Romances—The Elopement of a Beautiful Princess Leads to a Trial For Witchcraft. A Slave's Heroic Devotion.

Extremely interesting are the stories of harem life in Siam told by Mrs. A. H. Leonowens, an English woman who spent six years at the courts of the late king. She was employed as a governess for the king's children, 65 in number, the present king being one of her best pupils. Her description of the city of Nang Harm, or Veiled Women, is full of interest. The 9,000 inhabitants of this city, which is inclosed by the inner of two parallel walls around the royal palace, are all women and children. No man, save the king and the priests, dare ever enter its precincts. Here live the royal princesses, the wives, concubines and female relatives of the king, with their numerous slaves and attendants.

Connecting the city with the two palaces are covered entrances for the women. At the end of each of these passages is a bas-relief representing the head of a sphynx with a sword through his mouth and bearing this inscription, "Better that a sword be thrust through thy mouth than that thou utter a word against him who ruleth on high." Not far off are the barracks of the amazons, the women's hall of justice and the dungeons, where female justices daily administer justice to the inhabitants of this woman's city.

There is also a temple, a gymnasium and a theater, where the great ladies assemble in the afternoon to gossip, play games or watch the dancing girls. In this city live also the mechanical slaves, who ply their trades for the benefit of their mistresses. It is, in fact, a city. It has its own laws, its judges, police, guards, prisons, executioners, markets, merchants, brokers, teachers and mechanics. Every function is exercised by women and by women only.

The women of the harem amuse themselves in the early and late hours of the day by gathering flowers in the palace gardens, feeding the birds and goldfishes, twining garlands for the heads of the children, listening to reading by slaves and especially in bathing. When the heat is not oppressive, they plunge into the pretty, retired lakes, swimming and diving like flocks of brown water fowl. They play at chess, cards and dice, and some of them are decidedly skillful.

Mrs. Leonowens describes a trial for witchcraft which occurred while she was at the palace. It seems that during the king's absence a beautiful princess disappeared from the harem, and in her place remained only a deaf and dumb slave girl. The day of the trial three women, half stupefied by the foul air of the damp cell in which they had been imprisoned, were conducted to the great court hall of the temple, where the trial for witchcraft was to take place. A procession of astrologers, wizards and witches, who receive handsome salaries from the king, filed into the temple and took their places.

Then came the chief judge of the supreme court and his secretary to report the trial to the king. The prisoners, when brought in, proved to be May-Peah, who was the deaf and dumb changeling, and the two handmaidens of the princess. They were guarded by 50 amazons. The crowd, who looked upon May-Peah as a veritable witch, was breathless with expectation. Conch shells were now blown to summon the holy man of the woods, who soon appeared on the opposite bank of the river, plunged into it and came and took his place beside the prisoners. This strange mortal, who lived the life of an orang outang, had a remarkably fine, sensitive face and was always called to aid the court in its spiritual examinations.

At the command of the judge the two amazons who were on duty on the night of the abduction testified that a tall, dark figure, with a dagger in one hand and a ponderous bunch of keys in the other, had entered the hall. They saw her go to the cell of the princess, open it with one of the mysterious keys and lead her forth. As they were paralyzed and unable to move from the spot, the strange figure reappeared, passed by them quickly into the cell and closed the door. To the questions of the wizards May-Peah returned no answer.

At a signal an alarm gong was struck immediately behind her, and being taken by surprise she turned to see whence the sound came. The wily judges then shouted, "It is plain that you can speak, for you are not deaf." She was forthwith condemned to all the tortures of the rack. The holy man of the woods on hearing this uttered a wild cry of "Yah" (forbear) and declared that she was powerless to speak because under the influence of witchcraft. One of the wise women suggested that some magic water should be poured into her mouth. On opening it they fell back with horror and cried: "Brahma! Brahma! An evil fiend has torn out her tongue."

Immediately the unhappy woman became the object of pity and even adoration. The ceremony of exorcism was gone through, and she and her companions were fully acquitted of any complicity with the devil, each receiving a sum of money and being set at liberty.

May-Peah's friends afterward told Mrs. Leonowens that it was she who had terrified the amazons, released the princess and led her to a boat in which were the lover prince and two friends. As there was not room for all, May-Peah refused to leave the companions of her beloved mistress, and, full of terror lest by the dreadful torture which she knew awaited her she might be forced to betray those who were dearer to her than her own life, she with one stroke of her dagger deprived herself of the power of ever uttering an intelligible sound.

A one armed resident of Youcalla, Or., built during one month a house 24 feet square without assistance.

Lightning's Destructive Power.

During the year 1891 205 lives were lost (that we know of) in the United States east of the Rocky mountains directly through the action of lightning. How many were lost indirectly, and how many cases there were of shattered health and more or less permanent injury, we can only surmise. The financial loss due directly to lightning was certainly not below $1,500,000.

To get at something like a commercial estimate of the damage done by lightning in the past few years in this country, I have made use of The Chronicle fire tables for the six years 1885–90 and find that some 2,223 fires, or 1.3 per cent of the whole number, were caused by lightning, and the total loss was $3,386,826, or 1.25 per cent of the whole amount lost by fire. During 1892 we have a record of 292 lives lost. The damage may be estimated at as high a figure as in 1891. These losses are the more appalling when we recall that over 95 per cent of the casualties due to lightning occur between the months of April and September.

The question whether or not we are able to protect ourselves from lightning some five years ago would have been answered readily and with all sincerity, "Yes; a good electrical connection with the earth—a stout continuous copper rod, for example—will suffice." Today no such answer can pass unchallenged.—Popular Science Monthly.

Impostors In Holland.

An English traveler in Holland says that the natives sell all sorts of rubbish to the American and English tourists who go for a run through the water logged country. Whole crates of imitation Delft ware are made in Germany and sold in Holland as the genuine article. The tourist may have it of any age, design or condition. A little judicious mutilation by no means injures it.

Ancient articles of furniture too! Every week large consignments of chairs with embroidered backs, artistically faded and raveled, are sent over to Rotterdam from Shoreditch, where they are being made by latter day machinery.

Tons of silver shoe buckles and candlesticks and plates, spoons and cups enough to set a table around the globe are annually supplied at rare, round prices to the delighted tourists.

With the comfortable sums thus secured the thrifty Dutch live well, buying provisions at the following rates: Butter, 20 cents a pound; eggs, 25 cents per score; sugar, 12 cents a pound; beef or mutton, 12 to 16 cents a pound for the best parts; milk, 3 cents a quart; bread (which the traveler asserts is as light as a feather), 4 pounds for 10 cents; Java coffee, 25 cents; tea, 37 to 50 cents; chickens, 16 to 25 cents each; ducks, 12 to 18 cents; cheese (called "death's heads), 14 cents a pound.

Life In India.

Fancy an enormous house rambling out into a series of immense rooms, all on one floor, piazzas 20 feet deep, immense chambers, in the middle of which stand the beds, doors and windows wide open, the grounds filled with palms, bananas and all sorts of tropical trees, the song of birds, the chirp of insects everywhere, and a dazzling sun blazing down on the Indian ocean in front.

A dozen or more lusky Hindoo servants, barefooted, dressed in white, with bright sashes around their waists and bright turbans on their heads, are moving about everywhere, as still as cats, and with no end of devotion to their little duties. One of them seems to have nothing to do but to look after me. He has worked over my limited wardrobe till he knows every shirt and collar better than I do myself.

He is now brushing my hat for the twentieth time this morning. The life is luxurious. Quantities of delightful fruit, cool lounging places with luxurious chairs, a sumptuous breakfast (or "tiffin," as we call it here), and dinner table, and no end of kind attention. I am writing in my room on the day before Christmas, as if it were a rather hot August morning at home.—Century.

Had Napoleon Entered the English Navy.

When Napoleon was at school at Brienne, the son of an English peer, who himself became Lord Wenlock, was his schoolfellow. One day the little Corsican came to young Lawley and said, "Look at this."

He showed him a letter written in remarkably good English. It was addressed to the British admiralty and requested permission to enter our navy. The young Bonaparte said, "The difficulty, I am afraid, will be my religion." Lawley said, "You young rascal, I don't believe that you have any religion at all." Napoleon replied, "But my family have; my mother's race, the Ramolini, are very rigid; I should be disinherited if I showed any signs of becoming a heretic."

These facts I had from one who had very good means of knowing. He told me that Bonaparte's letter was sent, and that it still exists in the archives of the admiralty. I have not searched for it, for the simple reason that I do not wish so good a story to become prematurely public. I hope that some one who has access to the historical documents in that department may take the trouble to find it.—Sir William Fraser.

Didn't Wish to Repeat the Mistake.

There is a certain judge in Chicago who rather prides himself on his vast and varied knowledge of law. The other day he was compelled to listen to a case that had been appealed from a justice of the peace. The young practitioner who appeared for the appellant was long and tedious. He brought in all the elementary textbooks and quoted the fundamental propositions of law. At last the judge thought it was time to make an effort to hurry him up.

"Can't we assume," he said blandly, "that the court knows a little law itself?"

"That's the very mistake I made in the lower court," answered the young man. "I don't want to let it defeat me twice."—Chicago Mail.

FULL FILLED.

She drank from out her curving palm;
A draft she could not see.
Full filled they were and running o'er,
There had been space for not one more—
Full filled with kisses three.

A lover's kisses, newly pressed
On soft palms, tenderly,
With thirsty lips she eager quaffed
And smiled, until for joy she laughed
Through tears and could not see.
—Anna C. Brackett in Scribner's.

CANDOR AND COURTESY.

They Are Not Antagonistic, but Veracity Should Be Circumspect and Kind.

Hawthorne used to say, "God may forgive sins, but awkwardness has no forgiveness in heaven or in earth." If for awkwardness we substitute undue candor, we might still be speaking temperately. You do not invite to the christening the caller who looked kindly but firmly at your pretty baby and said she thought this child would be rather good looking, as he resembled his father's family. It may be safely said that the person who assures us that we have fallen off five years in one will never be dear in memory. She has spoken the truth, but from henceforth we shun her as if she were a modern Sapphira. If we feel self elected to tell our friends the unpleasant things which have been said, no matter how truthfully, about themselves or those dear to them, we must expect to share in the odium of the message delivered.

By the laws of some occult science not yet formulated we become in a measure what we are told we are. To the woman who has said we look dead and faded every tinge of yellow in our skin responds, and we believe that much time passed in her society would convert us into a mummy. When with those in whose love and appreciation we have confidence, we bring forth the answering fruits of worth and loveliness, while the consciousness that our associates consider us stupid and unamiable has a tendency to paralyze every brilliant attribute and unselfish action. "Kindness, kindly expressed," like the witch hazel wand, makes the desert blossom like a rose, while the follower of undue candor loses half the sweetness and fruitage of life.

Are we to infer, then, that candor and courtesy are antagonistic? By no means. But we believe that veracity should be governed by the rules of the old nursery game of "how, when and whore." The manner of speaking the truth divinely taught held this injunction, "In love." The candor that publicly criticises or that points out defects at the time and place where these defects cannot be remedied is unpardonable. The sum of the whole matter is this—while the love of truth should be the cardinal point of our religion, our creed should be broad enough to embrace the gracious precedent of the heroine of wisdom in whose lips was the law of kindness.—Harper's Bazar.

Better Than Ham.

Hog and hominy is the popular dish in some portions of the south, just as pork and beans delight the palate of the New Englanders and catfish and waffles appeal to the taste of Philadelphians. How dearly a Virginian loves ham may be inferred by the following conversation reported by a home coming commercial traveler:

While riding in from an interior town in the stage he fell into conversation with the driver. The talk finally turned upon hunting, the driver informing his fare that the woods thereabout abounded in game. Passing a stream, the traveler asked if it contained fish.

"Lots of them," was the reply.

"What kind?"

"Mostly trout," said the driver. "All these mountain streams are full of trout."

"They must be fine eating," was the next remark.

"Fine eating!" exclaimed the driver. "Well, I should say so. You just go up to the mountains and catch half a dozen trout about 10 or 12 inches long, clean 'em without washing 'em, rub in some salt, roll 'em in Injun meal and bake 'em in the ashes. Good eatin! Why, stranger, they beat ham!"—New York Herald.

Frenchwomen of Business.

The Frenchwoman, unlike her English sister, has, as a rule, a very good business education. In the common schools she is taught household bookkeeping and is given lessons in purchasing and useful expenditure. As a wife she is expected generally to help her husband in his business, and sometimes she manages it entirely for him. In the small store she acts as clerk for him, and in the larger ones she is an equal partner.

The Bon Marche was made famous by Mme. Boucicault, who helped her husband to found and maintain the establishment, and after his death she took entire charge of it. Her system was one of so much kindness and consideration toward her employees that they called her "The Lady of the Bon Marche" and looked upon her as almost a saint.

There are many other large establishlishments in Paris managed by women. Mme. Coquelin, it is said, invests all her husband's money for him, and many of the wives of artists manage the selling and exhibition of their husbands' works, attend to the collecting and paying of debts, obtain orders and call upon newspaper men, doing all the necessary work to make their husbands' artistic efforts profitable.—Woman.

Electric Fans For Hairdressing.

The electric fan has found its way into the hairdressing establishment and fellows a new mission in life. After milady's head has been ducked in a basin of water and lavishly sprinkled to remove the foaming lather, she is requested to place her head at the opening of a huge tin tube. This she does, and for a moment all is restful and silent. Then a sound as of the distant roar of cannon reaches her ear; louder and louder it grows. Cool breezes play about her head, sent through the tube by whirling fans at the other end, and soon the hair is perfectly dry.—St. Louis Republic.

WAS NOAH BURIED TWICE?

Two Graves of the Patriarch, One of Which Is Sixty-four Feet Long.

In a former article I gave a pen picture of the "tomb of Noah" as it now exists near the ruins of an old fortress at Nakhtchevan, Armenia. According to Eastwick's "Three Years In the East," this old Armenian tomb is annually visited by thousands of pilgrims of all faiths, including Mohammedans and Turcomans, who make wearisome journeys of hundreds of miles in order to do reverence to our common ancestor. But, like all other relics which have the beginning of their history in tradition, this supposed tomb of the builder of the ark, half hidden among the hoary ruins on the Armenian plains, has a rival standing almost within the shadows of the cedars of Lebanon.

Henniker's "Palestine In 1890" says: About two miles east of Zakhle is the village of Kerak, not far from which, on the last declivity of Lebanon, there is a round mosque. This is erected over still older relics which are held in great reverence by Moslems and Christians alike, it being the reputed tomb of Noah the Patriarch. The structure is now a part of an ancient aqueduct and is regarded by superstitious thousands as being a place of eminent sanctity. Walls have been built around it, and at certain seasons of the year the Maronites in particular make long pilgrimages to visit it.

In his old age, so tradition says, Noah entreated God as a particular favor that he might be allowed to end his days in the shade of the beautiful cedars of Lebanon, and there to prepare his place of burial. The patriarch's prayers were granted, but shortly before his death he committed some transgression, and to punish him God cut off a part of the tomb which had been constructed to receive the patriarch's remains.

This being the case, it is clear that Noah could not be buried at full length, but was laid to rest with his legs doubled up under his thighs, so as to make the remains conform with the size of the diminished tomb. But, taking everything into consideration, he must have been a giant of giants, for the tomb, even in its curtailed state, is 64 feet long.—St. Louis Republic.

Delayed the Train to Look For Teeth.

Several years ago, while temporarily in charge of a division on one of the southern trunk lines, an incident came under my observation which for oddity seemed worthy of notice outside of the regular office record. We were handling an unusually large amount of freight, and, as is the custom in such cases, were watching delays to trains very closely, calling to account all offenders who could not show a good excuse. On going to the telegraph office one evening to look over the situation the dispatcher on duty called my attention to a delay of 40 minutes to a freight train, for which the conductor had sent a message report reading, "Delayed looking for fireman's teeth."

As this seemed to be a piece of levity, I ordered him to report to the office on arrival. This he did, and to my surprise he confirmed the telegraphic report. It seemed that the fireman had just purchased a new set of "store teeth," and not being accustomed to them had lost the upper plate while standing in the "gangway" getting a breath of air. He promptly told the engineer, who stopped the train, and the whole crew went back with lanterns to look for the property. It was found and restored to the owner, and the train then proceeded. The master mechanic was instructed to direct the fireman to keep his mouth closed while on duty, and the papers were duly filed in the records, where they can still be found. I have seen many excuses for delays, but no other cases like this.—Pittsburg Post.

The Affections of the Arab.

An Arab—meaning a tent dweller, for in an equine sense the town dweller is no Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No need to recite the oft sung affection he will lavish upon him. Next he loves his firearm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six foot, gold inlaid, muzzle loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but an Arab flat on his back at every shot, but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is rather more apt to be a modern English breechloader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock.

Next to his gun he loves his oldest son, Last comes his wife or one of his wives. Daughters don't even count. I mean the Arab scarcely takes the trouble to count them, unless in so far as they can minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry—in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them, she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts.—Colonel T. A. Dodge in Harper's.

Nail Biting Among Children.

The subject of nail biting among children is well worthy consideration. M. Berillon, a French doctor, has been directing his attention for some time past to it. He finds that the habit or disease is extremely common. In a public school in Paris out of 265 pupils examined during the month of April last 63—that is to say, nearly one-fourth—were addicted to biting their finger nails. Curiously enough, results vary greatly in different districts and in different schools in the same districts.

It seems that girls are more given to the habit than boys. In one girls' school in the department of the Yonne 11 out of 21 were confirmed nail biters. In another girls' school the proportion was 61 out of 207 pupils, and of those 61, 15 were found to be in the habit of biting the nails of both hands and the others of biting only those of one hand. M. Berillon recognizes that nervousness has much to do with the habit.

Blushing and Blanching.

Blushing is not an art. Neither is it an absolute sign of ill breeding, as some unkind folk maintain. The fact is it is just as natural for some people to blush on one occasion as it is for others to turn pale on another. The same laws of nature which govern the one rule govern the other. The capillaries or small blood vessels which connect the arteries and veins in the body form, particularly over the cheeks, a network so fine that it is necessary to employ a microscope to distinguish them.

Ordinarily the blood passes through these vessels in normal volume, leaving only the natural complexion. But when some sudden emotion takes possession of the heart its action increases, and an electric thrill instantly leaps to the cheeks. The thrill is nothing more than the rush of blood through the invisible capillaries. The color is nothing more than the blood just beneath the delicate surface of the skin. The causes that bring about this condition in the circulating system are called mental stimuli. They consist of joy, anger, shame and the many other emotions.

Sudden horror, remorse or fear, on the contrary, influence the nerves which control the blood vessels, and the face becomes white. Blushing and pallor result from the sudden action of the mind on the nervous system. So if the mind be forewarned and prepared for emotions both habits can at least be partially overcome. But when the nervous system is highly strung it would be a lifelong if not futile task to endeavor to effect a perfect cure. It is the sensitive, nervous girl who blushes easily, while the girl stolid by nature or who by education has her nerves under perfect control seldom blushes.—Philadelphia Times.

How a Logbook Is Kept.

How many landsmen know how a logbook is written up? It seems just as complicated as double entry bookkeeping when one does not know, but after a little careful attention and study it's as easy to keep a logbook as to eat hot gingerbread. There is a list of letters arranged, and they look like so much Greek to the uneducated.

The letter b, for instance, stands for blue sky, whether there be clear or hazy atmosphere; c means cloudy or detached opening clouds; d denotes drizzling rain; a small j, fog; capital F, thick fog; g, gloomy, dark weather; h, hail; l, lightning, and m, misty or hazy so as to interfere with the view.

The letter o represents overcast or when the whole sky is covered with one impenetrable cloud. Passing showers are noted by the letter p, and q indicates the weather to be squally. Continuous rain is indicated by an r, snow by an s and thunder by a t. Any ugly threatening appearance in the weather calls for the letter u, and visibility or distant objects, whether the sky be cloudy or not, is represented by the letter v. A small w is wet dew. A full point or dot under any letter denotes an extraordinary degree. As an example of how the letters are used take q p d l t. This reads very hard squalls and showers of drizzle, accompanied by lightning with very heavy thunder. Numerals denote the force of the wind. A cipher indicates calm, 1 light air, 2 light breeze, 3 gentle breeze, 4 moderate breeze, 5 fresh breeze, 6 strong breeze, 7 moderate gale, 8 fresh gale, 9 strong gale, 10 whole gale, 11 storm, 12 hurricane. This system of abbreviation is generally adhered to on all merchant vessels.—Geographical Magazine.

Good Use of a Flag.

In Havana there was one evening a great row in the streets, and a man was killed. Every one ran away except an Englishman, who did not see why he should run off, but stopped to do what he could for the wounded man. The city was then, as it often was, under martial law, and in a few minutes a party of soldiers came up and walked the Englishman off. He was tried then and there by a sort of drumhead court martial and condemned to be shot the next morning at 8 o'clock.

He managed to get the news conveyed to the English consul, and at 7:45 o'clock next morning the consul appeared in his coach and four, uniform, cocked hat and sword, all his orders on, etc. The shooting party were drawn out, and the prisoner was there too. The consul walked up to the officer commanding the party and demanded the life of his countryman.

"Very sorry," said the officer, "but I must carry out my orders," and he showed the warrant signed by the governor. "Well," said the consul, "at least you'll allow me to shake hands with him before he dies." "I can't refuse that," was the reply. On which the consul stepped up to the Englishman, put his hand into his breast coat pocket, drew out a union jack, unfolded it, threw it over the man and then said, "There, now, fire if you dare!" The lieutenant was staggered, the matter was referred to the governor, and the Englishman was saved.—London Spectator.

Anthrax In Mud of Sheep Wells.

An epidemic of splenic fever broke out among some sheep on a farm in the south of Russia. Thinking that the disease might be connected with the use of a particular well water, the matter was bacteriologically examined. Diatroptoff was unable to discover the anthrax bacillus in the water, but an investigation of the mud at the bottom of the suspected well revealed the presence of an organism, which, on inoculation into animals, was proved beyond doubt to be the bacillus anthracis. On the well being closed, no further cases of anthrax occurred.

That the germs of the anthrax had in some manner gained access to the well is certain and opens up the possibility of the communication of this disease by means of drinking water. Moreover, the likelihood of such contamination taking place through the drainage from soil points to the desirability of destroying the carcasses of infected animals by cremation rather than burial.—London Nature.

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St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 36—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 2806 Keddie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3729 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

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We have decided to revise our watch offers in such a way that each subscriber may find a watch to suit his or her taste and need. The fame of the Waltham and Elgin factories is not confined to this country. It is considered a great thing abroad to own one of these wonderful watches. THE CITIZEN has sold many watches during the past year, and they have given perfect satisfaction. In our offers we select the best examples of these watches for the money asked, and we have been remarkably successful in suiting our subscribers. We have now revised the offers so that they will be more satisfactory than they have been before. Our subscribers and readers should read the following offers carefully, and see how low we can sell these standard goods. If we don't mention just what you want, don't hesitate to write and get our figures.

NICKEL SILVER, WALTHAM OR ELGIN, $5.50.

Offer No. 31—A Men's Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance and safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 32—Men's size, open face. Waltham or Elgin, $12 00. This watch is just the same as No 33, but the case is dust proof and open face. The back and front screw on and off, and the watch sets by pulling on the stem. The glass in the face is bevelled plate, and strong enough to withstand any strain. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $12.00.

GOLD-FILLED ENGRAVED WATCH.

Offer No 33—Men's size, hunting case, Waltham or Elgin, $14 35. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a case made of two plates of solid gold drawn over a plate of fine composition metal, and guaranteed by the manufacturers to wear just like gold for 15 years. The case is beautifully engraved. The works are standard Waltham or Elgin, they are jeweled and contain stem winding and setting apparatus, and all improvements. Watch clubs and installment men have been selling this watch right along for $38.00. We will send it by registered mail to any subscriber, old or new, for $14.35.

Offer No. 34—Men's size, open face, Waltham or Elgin, $10. This is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, whichever the subscriber may choose. It has the celebrated compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, fifteen fine jewels in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring and all improvements. It has the finest patent regulator in the world that can be adjusted by any boy. Full instructions for using this watch go in every box, and the watch is returnable within three days if not up to the guarantee. We commend this watch to the use of all, but especially of those who require the most accurate time. The works are good for 50 years' wear, and they can be put in a gold case whenever the owner wishes. The case is made of solid nickel silver, and the back and front screw off and on, making this watch dust proof. We send this to any subscriber by insured registered mail for only $10.

Offer No. 35—Pride of Elgin, Men's size, Fancy Gold watch, open face, only $15. THE CITIZEN offers to its subscribers one of the most beautiful watches to be found in the market. The case is made of solid gold, reenforced or stiffened; thus a case is obtained which is superior to a solid gold case. This case is guaranteed to wear for 15 years, and with any decent usage will wear just like solid gold for from 25 to 30 years. It is full engraved over back, front and centre, giving this timekeeper a unique appearance, of which no adequate impression can be conveyed by a mere description. The movement (commonly called works) is jeweled according to the most scientific principles and the patent pinion and compensation balance are made of highly tempered steel. The dial or face is set with gold, and the hands are made of solid rolled gold plate, spun and wrought to the fineness and delicacy of antique lace. Since it is the latest product of the great Elgin factory, it has been fittingly named Pride of Elgin. The subscribers to THE CITIZEN deserve handsome watches and we are determined that they shall have them. This will undoubtedly prove a fortunate speculation for many of our subscribers, because such a watch readily yields $25 to $35 in cash or exchange. Don't write and ask if it is a genuine Elgin. We guarantee it and that's enough. We give you the benefit of our great discounts, and charge you, including free delivery, only $15.

"THE CITIZEN SPECIAL."

Offer No. 36—Gold watch, Men's size, $16.75. The watch and case-makers of the United States have for many years been trying to produce a watch that would be exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in every thing except the expense. At last this has been accomplished. The Waltham Watch Co has produced the most beautiful watch ever made; this watch is made for people who wish to carry a "thin model" watch; we mean that this watch does not take up much room in the pocket, the case being of the regular strength and thickness. The case is made of two plates of solid 14k fine, so thick that they will last 20 years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck; this feature saves many a bill for repairs—a great point for people at a distance from reliable watch-makers. The ring, joint pings, thumb piece and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold, which, of course, will wear for generations. The works contain Logan's celebrated Breguet hair-spring, a regulator so plain that a child can work it; seven valuable jewels, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and pendant setting apparatus, and many other improvements, the enumeration of which would be superfluous. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to THE CITIZEN subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of open face or hunting case, delivered, $16.75.

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No. 37, Solid gold Brooklyn "Granger-hunting or open face, $30.00.

No. 38, Gold-filled, 15 year hunting case (engraved), $21.10.

No. 39 Gold-filled, 15 year case, open face (engraved), $18.50.

No. 40, in solid Silver Coin case (Coin), open face or hunting, $18.50.

No 41, in solid Nickel Silver case, dust proof, open face $12.25.

The above prices include free delivery in every instance. Remember you get the same works in the nickel as in the solid gold case. This is a great feature, because you can buy a genuine "P. S. B." in a nickel case and afterwards have it put in a gold or silver case.

LADIES' SOLID GOLD WATCH.

Offer No. 42—$22.00. This is a genuine Elgin watch in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14k gold U. S. assay. The works are jeweled according to the latest principles, by which the best results are achieved. This watch represents the triumph of modern expert workmanship. Each watch is a stem-winder setter and contains compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant timepiece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $22.00.

Offer No. 43—Ladies' Gold Watch, $17.35. This is a Waltham of Elgin watch, ladies' size, neatly engraved. The works contain the same improvements as those in No. 44, and the solid gold case is made by a celebrated gold case company. We will send this watch, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for only $17.25.

Offer No. 44—Ladies' size gold watch, $13.15. This is a seven jeweled watch, in an engraved hunting case, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be standard, and good for at least 15 years' wear. Any lady in the land who is fortunate enough to get this watch whether she chooses Waltham or Elgin, will be proud to carry it. It is a magnificent timekeeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should sell it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.15.

Offer No. 45—Ladies' size gold watch, is a seven jeweled Waltham or Elgin watch in a handsome engine-turned hunting case. In this case the ring, joints, thumb-piece and all parts subjected to constant use are made of solid gold. The case is called gold filled, and it is as durable as solid gold, and much stronger. The manufacturers guarantee this case to wear 20 years. The works in all watches we sell are good for from 30 to 40 years. Sold to subscribers only, delivered free, for $13.75.

Offer No. 46—Ladies' size solid coin silver Waltham or Elgin watch; the works contain se

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Dated this 19th day of August, 1893.

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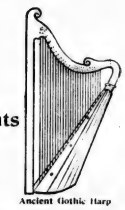

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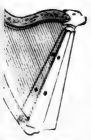

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PASSENGERS BOOKED TO AND FROM ALL POINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

FOR TICKETS OR OTHER INFORMATION APPLY TO

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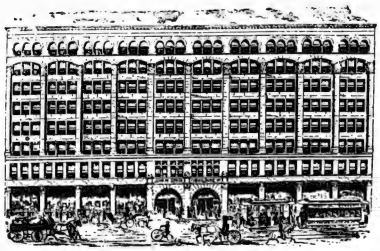
THE OLD, BIG, RELIABLE HOU

THE LARGEST HOME-FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WOR



SMYTH'
TOWN
MARKET

150 TO 166
WEST MADIS

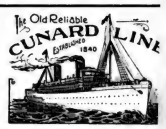
Has furnished homes for over a quarter of a century and always furnished them wel

Just now our **GRAND FALL BARGAIN SALE** is in full blast. It **WILL SAVE THOUSANDS OF** those who buy with judgment and shrewdness—who know a genuine bargain when they see it.

By means of large purchases during the late "tight season" we have secured a splendid stock of household goods, some of which we are now clearing off at a reduction of . . . . . .

40 Cents on the Do

W. J. Quan & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS
49 and 51 Michigan Ave.
Chicago



"Campania" "Lu

THE NEW TWIN SCREW STEAMSH

620 feet long, 12,950 tons, 30,000 horse-power largest and most magnificent in the

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANI

AND OTHERS

Averaging over 510 feet long, 7,800 tons, 14,000 whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Bost ing a service unequaled by any line now in existe

Tickets to and from all the principal English ports at rates as low as by any first class passenge

The character, record, and general reputatio safety, comfort, and speed—having never lost a the fifty-two years of its existence—needs no time: 5 days, 14 hours, 55 minutes.

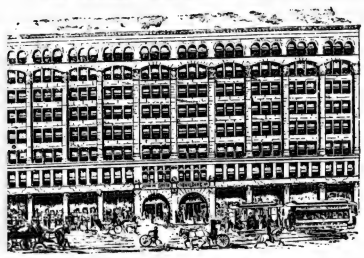
See Cunard Line unique and historical exhib of 'Campania' at Transportation Building World'

F. G. WHITING

131 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO **MANAGER**

THE OLD, BIG, RELIABLE HOUSE

THE LARGEST HOME-FURNISHING ESTABLISHMENT IN THE WORLD



SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET

150 TO 166
WEST MADISON STREET

Has furnished homes for over a quarter of a century and always furnished them well

Just now our **GRAND FALL BARGAIN SALE** is in full blast. It **WILL SAVE THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS** to se who buy with judgment and shrewdness—who know a genuine bargain when they see it. means of large purchases during the late "tight son" we have secured a splendid stock of household ds, some of which we are now clearing off at a uction of . . . . . **40 Cents on the Dollar**

W. J. Quan & Co.
WHOLESALE GROCERS
49 and 51 Michigan Ave.
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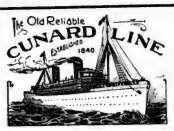
The Old Reliable CUNARD LINE Established 1840



"Campania" "Lucania"

THE NEW TWIN SCREW STEAMSHIPS

620 feet long, 12,950 tons, 30,000 horse-power. Positively the largest and most magnificent in the world.

UMBRIA, ETRURIA, AURANIA, SERVIA
AND OTHERS

Averaging over 510 feet long, 7,500 tons, 14,000 horse-power; the whole comprising an incomparable fleet of Fast Express Passenger Steamers.

Two and three sailings weekly (including Boston Steamers), forming a service unequaled by any line now in existence.

Tickets to and from all the principal English, Irish and Scotch ports at rates as low as by any first class passenger lines.

The character, record, and general reputation of this line for safety, comfort, and speed—having never lost a passenger during the fifty-two years of its existence—needs no comment. Fastest time: 5 days, 14 hours, 55 minutes.

See Cunard Line unique and historical exhibit, including model of 'Campania' at Transportation Building World's Fair.

F. G. WHITING
131 RANDOLPH ST., CHICAGO MANAGER WESTERN DEPT.

IT IS ALWAYS "IRISH DAY"

AT THE

KIMBALL PIANO WAREROOMS

WABASH AVE., NEAR JACKSON ST.

WE WANT YOUR TRADE

PROGRAMME.

Baritone Solo, - - - - - - "The Minstrel Boy"

Oration—"The Irishman in Statesmanship," - Edward Blake

Soprano Solo—"The Last Rose of Summer,"
Mme. Elizabeth Scanlan-Porter, of London

"God save Ireland" said the heroes,
"God save Ireland" said they all;
Whether on the scaffold high or the battlefield we die,
Oh, what matter when for Erin, dear, we fall!

PABST BREWING CO.

PUT UP IN . . . . .
QUART AND PINT BOTTLES
FOR FAMILY USE.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF **LAGER BEER**

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

Corner Indiana and Desplaines Sts.

HERMAN PABST, MANAGER.

"PABST MILWAUKEE" Is on sale in the following places on the World's Fair Grounds: Wellington Caterin Co.'s Restaurants in all Buildings, Clam Bake Midway Pavilion, Parisian Theatre. . . . . **TRY IT**

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE GRAND FALL BARGAIN SALE AT

SMYTH'S TOWN MARKE

150 TO 166 WEST MADISON STREET

TAPESTRY
Worth 65c, at 55c per yard; worth 75c at 65c per yard; worth 85c, at 75c per yard.

BODY BRUSSELS
Worth $1.15, at $1.00 per yard; worth $1.25, at $1.15 per yard.

MOQUETTES
Worth $1.00, at 85c per yard; worth $1.50, at $1.25 per yard.

VELVETS
Worth $1.00, at 90c per yard; worth $1.50, at $1.25 per yard.

INGRAINS
Worth 45c, at 35c per yard; worth 55c, at 40c per yard.

BRUSSELS AND MOQUETTE RUGS
A few hundred of them, at 40 per cent. reduction.

CHINA AND JAPANESE MATTINGS
Remarkable value, 12½c per yard.

OIL CLOTHS
Handsome designs, 25c per yard.

FALL IN CARP

If you want a good carpet

AT HALF PRICE

Bring size of your room and selection from a fine lot of

MADE-UP CARPE

Including Body Brussels, Tape Moquette and Axminster.

MADE TO SUIT AVERAGE ROOMS. WELL SEWED AN FOR LAYING.

FINE LARGE SIZE

FUR RUGS

$2.50.

SMYRNA AND BYZANT

25 PER CENT. BELOW

WHITE STAR LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

MAJESTIC
10000 TONS, 582 FEET.
6 DAYS, 19 HOURS, 9 MINUTES.
BRITANNIC

TEUTONIC
582 FEET, 10000 TONS.
6 DAYS, 16 HOURS, 31 MINUTES.
GERMANIC

The Steamers of This Line are All Built in Ireland.

SAILINGS FROM NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL EVERY WEDNESDAY, CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO DELIVER MAIL AND PASSENGERS.

September 20, 4 p. m. GERMANIC, October 4, 11 a. m.
September 27, 4 p. m., MAJESTIC, October 11, 7.30 a. m.
October 4, 4 p. m., BRITANNIC, October 18, 11 a. m.
October 11, 4 p. m., TEUTONIC, October 25, 4 p. m.
October 18, 3 p. m., GERMANIC, November 1, 11 a. m.
October 25, 4 p. m., MAJESTIC, November 8, 6.30 a. m.

Saloon rates from $50.00 up, according to steamer and berth.
Second Cabin by Majestic and Teutonic, $40.00 and $45.00.
Steerage tickets at low rates.
Drafts on any bank in Ireland for sale at lowest rates.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, New York. N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't, 54 S. Clark Street, and White Star Pavilion, World's Fair, Chicago.

FORTUNE BROS'.

** BREWIN

Manufacturers of the Best Grade

Lager and

Pilsener B

VAN BUREN,
DESPLAINES AND
PEARCE STREETS

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OFFICE 225 DESPLAINES ST

TELEPHONE MAIN 4943

ECIAL FEATURE OF THE GRAND FALL BARGAIN SALE AT

SMYTH'S TOWN MARKET

150 TO 166 WEST MADISON STREET

ITRY
Worth 65c, at 55c per yard; worth 75c
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BRUSSELS
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ETTES
Worth $1.00, at 85c per yard; worth
1.50, at $1.25 per yard.

ETS
Worth $1.00, at 90c per yard; worth
1.50, at $1.25 per yard.

LINS
Worth 45c, at 35c per yard; worth 55c,
at 40c per yard.

SELS AND MOQUETTE RUGS
A few hundred of them, at 40 per cent.
reduction.

AND JAPANESE MATTINGS
Remarkable value, 12½c per yard.

LOTHS
Handsome designs, 25c per yard.

FALL IN CARPETS

If you want a good carpet

AT HALF PRICE

Bring size of your room and make your selection from a fine lot of

MADE-UP CARPETS

Including Body Brussels, Tapestry, Velvet, Moquette and Axminster.

MADE TO SUIT AVERAGED SIZED ROOMS, WELL SEWED AND READY FOR LAYING.

FINE LARGE SIZE
FUR RUGS
$2.50, $2.75, $3.25

SMYRNA AND BYZANTINE RUGS
25 PER CENT. BELOW COST

HITE STAR LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS

MAJESTIC
(10 TONS, 582 FEET, 10 HOURS, 6 MINUTES.
BRITANNIC

TEUTONIC
(582 FEET, 10000 TONS, 5 DAYS, 10 HOURS, 31 MINUTES.
GERMANIC

The Steamers of This Line are All Built in Ireland.

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MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, New York. H. ANDERN, G'l W'n Ag't, 54 S. Clark Street, and White Star Pavilion, rld's Fair, Chicago.

FORTUNE BROS'. BREWING CO.

Manufacturers of the Best Grade of

Lager and Pilsener Beer

VAN BUREN,
DESPLAINES AND
PEARCE STREETS

CHICAGO, ILL.

OFFICE 225 DESPLAINES ST.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4943

KIMBALL PIANOS

ARE USED AND ENDORSED BY

ADELINA PATTI

AND THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS

WAREROOMS: WABASH AVENUE NEAR JACKSON STREET.

PROGRAMME.

Oration—"The Irishman as an American Citizen," Bourke Cockran.

Baritone Solo—"Let Erin Remember the Days of Old," William Ludwig.

Address—The Right Hon. James Shanks, Lord Mayor of Dublin.

Oration—"The Genius of the Irish Race," John E. Fitzgerald, of Boston.

Girt around by cruel foes, still their spirits proudly rose,
As they thought of hearts that loved them far and near;
Of the millions true and brave, o'er the ocean's swelling wave,
And the friends in Holy Ireland, ever dear.
"God save Ireland," etc.

DANIEL CORKERY, PRESIDENT. TELEPHONE SOUTH 404.

CHICAGO & INDIANA COAL CO.

MINERS AND WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN THE CELEBRATED

OTTER CREEK WHITE ASH BLOCK COAL

OTTER CREEK MINES, AT BRAZIL, IND.

AND

JACKSON HILL LUMP COAL

ALSO DEALERS IN

JACKSON HILL MINES, AT JACKSON HILL, IND.

.... ANTHRACITE COAL ....

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The Oldest Savings Bank in Chicago.

EST'D OCT. 1 1867

Hibernian Banking Association Savings Bank

CLARK, N. E. COR. RANDOLPH

Transacts a General Banking Business.

DEPOSITS of $1.00 and upwards received and interest allowed thereon.

DEPOSITORS may arrange for their business by mail.

MARRIED WOMEN may deposit in their own names, subject to their order only.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE. Drafts on the Bank of Ireland and its branches of £1 and upwards.

OFFICE HOURS: 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Saturday, 10 a. m. to 2 p. m. and 6 to 8 p. m.

JOHN A. ORR, President. THEODORE OEHNE, Vice Prest. and Treas.

JULIUS H. SCHILLER, Secretary.

CONRAD SEIPP BREWING CO.

27th ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AVE.

TELEPHONE SOUTH 350

CHICAGO, U.S.A.

H.R.EAGLE
Old Country Mixed Tea

25 Cents Per Pound

H. R. EAGLE & CO.

Grocers

70 WABASH AVENUE

CHICAGO

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DELANEY AND MURPHY

WHOLESALE

Liquor ❋ Dealers

10 & 12 WABASH AVENUE

CHICAGO

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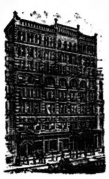
J. J. GORE P. H. HEFFRON N. D. LAUGHLIN, MANAGER



GORE'S

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ABSOLUTELY FIRE PROOF

FIRE · PROOF · HOTEL

EUROPEAN PLAN

A FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION

ROOMS: $1.50 PER DAY AND UPWARDS

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND STEAM HEAT IN EVERY ROOM

266 to 274 S. Clark Street
Chicago

PROGRAMME.

The civic and military societies that are to participate in the parade will rendezvous at the west end of the Midway Plaisance promptly at 10 o'clock on Saturday morning, September 30.

The military will consist of the Hibernian Rifles (7th Regt., I. N. G.) and the Clan-a-Gael Guards. The uniformed civic societies will be the Hibernian Knights; the Catholic Knights of America; the Ancient Order of Hibernians; the Catholic Foresters; the Sons of Father Mathew; the Gaelic athletic societies; the Irish Volunteers, and kindred organizations.

Climbed they up the rugged stair, rang their voices out in prayer,
Then, with England's cruel cord around them cast,
Close beneath the gallows-tree, kissed like brothers lovingly,
True to home and faith and freedom to the last.
"God save Ireland," etc.

D. B. SCULLY SYRUP CO.

MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS IN

JELLIES, MAPLE SUGAR, ROCK CANDY
MOLASSES, MAPLE SYRUPS, SYRUPS,
SYRUPS, ROCK CANDY, PRESERVES, Etc.

49 & 51 RIVER STREET, CHICAGO

Keeley Brewing Com

..BREWERS OF..

LAGER BEER

FOOT OF 28TH STREET AND GROVELAND PARK AV

...CHICAGO...

TELEPHONE SOUTH 349

JOHN BEEGAN

Parade Furnisher

228 S. HALSTED STREET

SUPPLIED ALL THE

REGALIA FOR IRISH DAY PARADE

AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

SMOK

LA CAR

CIGAR

J. M. CRENNA

SOLE AGE

2931

Keeley Brewing Company

..BREWERS OF..

LAGER BEER

FOOT OF **28TH STREET AND GROVELAND PARK AVENUE**

...CHICAGO...

TELEPHONE SOUTH 349

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SUPPLIED ALL THE

REGALIA FOR IRISH DAY PARADE

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SMOKE

LA CARINA CIGARS

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.

SOLE AGENTS

2931 VERNON AVE.

DENNEHY'S

OLD JEFFERSON CLUB

SOUR MASH WHISKEY

CHAS. DENNEHY & COMPANY

.....39 SO. WATER STREET

PROGRAMME

The exercises at Festival Hall will begin promptly at 2 o'clock, P. M.

By the officers of the organization.

TIMOTHY E. RYAN, Grand Marshal. ATTY. THOS. GALLAGHER, Chairman Exec. Com.

JOHN T. KEATING, Secretary.

Never till the latest day shall the memory fade away
Of the gallant lives, thus given for our land.
It is on the cause must go, amid joy, or woe, or woe,
Till we've made our Isle a nation free and grand.
"God save Ireland," say we proudly,
"God save Ireland," say we all, etc.

THE RICHELIEU WINE CO.

INCORPORATED

Finest Whiskies in Bond or Tax Paid

Imported Wines and Liquors.....

P. H. HEFFRON

74 VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.